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## Diary of the Week.

THE tactics of the House of Lords have undergone an entire change during the week. All idea of passing the second reading of the Veto Bill has been dropped, and it has been practically shelved in favor of the alternative policy of window-dressing for the election. This task has been divided between Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne. On Thursday week the House resolved, on the Rosebery motion, to abandon its old constitution in favor of a Chamber chosen (a) by the whole body of hereditary peers; (b) by virtue of certain offices temporarily held; (c) by outside selection or election. The general debate, and Lord Lansdowne's speech in particular, showed the idea to be a complete House of 400 members, half of which would be chosen by the present peers, while the other half would be subject to various processes of nomination and outside election.

On Wednesday, the second side of these tactics was developed, when, after contemptuously thrusting the Veto Bill aside, and adjourning the House for a whole day, Lord Lansdowne produced, in the form of resolutions, the scheme which is to fix the relations between the new 400 peers, hereditary and non-hereditary, and the 670 Commoners. The provisions were of two characters, both audacious invasions of the Constitution. The first, dealing with Bills other than Money Bills, ran as follows:—

If a difference arises between the two Houses with regard to any Bill, other than a Money Bill, in two successive Sessions, and with an interval of not less than one year, and such difference cannot be adjusted by any other means, it shall be settled in a joint sitting composed of members of the two Houses.

Provided that if the difference relates to a matter which is of great gravity, and has not been adequately submitted for the judgment of the people, it shall not be referred to the joint sitting, but shall be submitted for decision to the electors by Referendum.

The second, covering Money Bills, ran as follows:—

The Lords are prepared to forego their Constitutional right to reject or amend Money Bills which are purely financial in character.

Providing that effectual provision is made against tacking; and

Provided that, if any question arises as to whether a Bill or any provisions thereof are purely financial in character, that question be referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses, with the Speaker of the House of Commons as Chairman, who shall have a casting vote only.

If the Committee hold that the Bill or provisions in question are not purely financial in character, they shall be dealt with forthwith in a joint sitting of the two Houses.

LORD LANSDOWNE cleverly refrained from defining any one of the array of unknown quantities in his resolutions. The joint sitting might be either a *plenum* of the two Houses or a delegation from one or from both. "Grave" questions were those requiring special treatment, or proposals for altering Parliamentary machinery, and questions calling for an appeal to the country were of the nature of compulsory service or the disestablishment of the Church. He was hardly more explicit in defining Money Bills which the Lords, forsooth, would decline to regard as purely financial. Of this type were Bills producing "political" and "social" effects greater than their financial scope. The ensuing debate showed much confusion of thought. Lord St. Aldwyn, for example, who insisted that the House of Commons must be predominant in the Joint Session, thought that nothing could be more proper than referring Preferences and Tariff Reform to a Referendum. Lord Ridley made it clear that, as a Tariff was "purely financial," it could not be the subject of a Referendum. Both the Archbishops seceded from democracy, and vaguely pleaded for some unspecified form of compromise and negotiation. Two Liberal Moderates, Lord Ribblesdale and Lord Weardale, favored the Lansdowne resolutions as a basis of agreement, Lord Weardale making a special plea for the Referendum.

THE Government's case against the Lansdowne Resolutions was stated in a luminous and impressive speech by the Lord Chancellor, who compared the rejection by the Lords of four capital Liberal Bills in the last four years with their failure to reject one Tory Bill in a hundred years, and declared Dissolution to be the only alternative to the Conference. The Resolutions freed the Lords of their only constitutional check—the creation of peers; while both the other authorities—Crown and Commons—would retain the old limits on their powers. Much the most powerful and incisive Liberal speech was that of Lord Morley, who caustically compared the hour of levity in which the Tory Party had destroyed their old constitution, and set up Lord Rosebery's "schoolboy sketch" of a new one, to the "day of dupes" in which the French *noblesse*

abandoned their rights. Answering Lord Curzon's statement that if the Lords surrendered now, there would be nothing to stand between the people and the Commons, he asked, "Who are you that you should frame resolutions and measures to stand between the House of Commons and the people?" Those Resolutions were not meant to reform the Lords; they were meant to checkmate the Commons. What was wanted was a plan, not vague and nebulous formulae, which were no more a guide to a Constitution than scaffolding poles without specifications formed a guide to the construction of a new house. Lord Morley denounced the referendum as destructive of the principles of popular and representative government.

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It is impossible to measure or describe the flood of electioneering oratory. We sympathise with the Tory Party that, outside Parliament, it has to rest its popular case on the unmeaning vulgarities of Mr. Smith. On the Liberal side, the best speeches have been the Prime Minister's clear, simple, and powerful statement at the National Liberal Club, Mr. Lloyd George's witty and also highly argumentative oration at Mile End, full of incommunicable life and fire, and Mr. Churchill's finely phrased utterances in Islington. Mr. Churchill is the most literary of our orators, and his style gets freer and more flexible as it develops. The chief Conservative development is the choice of Mr. Bonar Law, the arch-Protectionist, to regain the Manchester seat which was won and lost by Mr. Churchill. Mr. Law is a brilliant rhetorician, but the choice is an affront to Free Trade Unionism in Manchester, and a vital error of tactics. On our side only one weak spot has been disclosed, and that is London, where the old register handicaps many promising candidatures. No effort should be spared to strengthen it. A silly quarrel between Liberalism and Labor has broken out in Glasgow, which the Liberal Whip should at once compose.

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MR. REDMOND and his colleagues have issued a powerful manifesto to the Irish people in Great Britain, declaring the House of Lords to be the special enemy of their countrymen, who were chiefly represented in it by Ashtowns and Clanricardes, and at whose doors lay the chief guilt of the famine and exodus of the last century—of the one million Irish who died of hunger and the five millions driven into exile. Its fall would, therefore, be the rise of Ireland, and a victory against it a final victory for Home Rule. The manifesto called on all Irishmen to support Liberal and Labor candidates who opposed the House of Lords and supported Irish self-government.

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It is not easy to measure the meanness of the "American Dollars" cry when used by responsible statesmen like Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, as well as by the *condottieri* of Unionist journalism. All students of Irish history of the post-famine days know what were the two main objects of Irish-American contributions to Nationalist Ireland. One of them, no doubt, has been the maintenance of a form of Parliamentary representation which, as Mr. Churchill well said at Islington, makes one of the purest and most romantic episodes in modern politics. The second, and the main, channel has been the payment of rack-rent on the holdings of the West. How much of this rent was non-economic before the Gladstone Land Acts, and even after, it is impossible to say, but the proportion (and Lord Lansdowne's personal share in it) must be large.

THIS familiar point has been put with much force by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in "The Parnell Movement":—

"It was, indeed, a peculiarity of the Irish land system that it pursued the Irish race wherever that race went. The son or daughter of the Irish farmer, who had emigrated to America, or Australia, or New Zealand, did not leave behind in Ireland the curse of his race. The wages earned as a laborer, or a servant-maid, or miner, or a sheep-farmer, in any of these places of exile went home to help their parents in their yearly deepening poverty, through their yearly increasing rent. It has been calculated that between the years 1848 and 1864 no less a sum than £13,000,000 was sent by the Irish in America to their people at home.\* The people at home, in the meantime, remained either in the same condition, or usually sank deeper into the mire of inextricable poverty. In other words, the money sent from the Irish in America did the farmer no good, it was all swallowed up by the Irish landlord; it was part of the world-wide tribute this caste was able to extort."

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ON Tuesday, the Prime Minister announced that, in addition to providing for the payment of members and official election expenses, the Government would propose to empower trade unions to maintain funds for Parliamentary and local representation, provided that the opinion of each union was "effectively ascertained," and that the levy was not compulsory. Questioned by Mr. Hardie, Mr. Asquith suggested that this political fund must be special, and must be separate from the general revenues of the union. We think, as we argue elsewhere, that this separation of political and general funds is a mistake; nor do we believe that a voluntary levy will meet the case, or that it is necessary to provide for it by law. But the general principles of the Government Bill appear to be sound, and the details may easily be strengthened later. This seems to be the view of the Labor Party, who approve of the Bill, with some reserves as to its undisclosed, or half-disclosed, provisions.

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ON Tuesday, the Prime Minister stated that, if the Government were in power in the next Parliament, they would give facilities for "effectively proceeding" with the Women's Suffrage Bill, "if so framed as to admit of free amendment." We interpret this as a pledge to find time for all the stages of the Conciliation Bill, provided that the pledge of its authors, recorded in last week's NATION, to open it to enlargement, be kept. The suffragettes, however, chose to take a different view, and, as the extremists of the Women's Social and Political Union had already arranged a disorderly protest, they proceeded to carry it out. A raid was made on Downing Street, the Prime Minister's windows were broken, and he himself was struck. Mr. Birrell—a strong friend of the suffrage—was brutally assailed or hustled, and one leg was so much injured that he will probably be disabled from taking any personal part in the coming election. The ill-conducted people who committed these offences were charged at Bow Street, and thirty of them were fined, with the alternative of fourteen days or one month's imprisonment, for which they all elected. Some apologised, others promised worse conduct in the future. It is difficult to help a cause so badly served.

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IN the absence of any first-hand news from Mexico which is even relatively unbiased, it is difficult to gauge the extent of the rebellion which has at last broken out against President Porfirio Diaz. Official statements have

\* Lord Dufferin, quoted by Healy, p. 49.

described it from the first as nothing worse than a series of local riots, but the temptation to enumerate important "victories" over the "mob" has proved irresistible, though it is now said that the rising is all but suppressed. The American news, gleaned from refugees, secret service agents, and in part from Consuls, is, on the other hand, alarmist. The more definite news is of fighting in the North, near the frontier, notably at Torreon and Chihuahua, and here the rebels in all probability won some successes, alike in surprising a gaol, in capturing arms, and in pitched battles. Some reports describe them as well armed, and in possession of several guns, while others describe bloody encounters, in which most of the killed on the rebel side were unarmed.

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Of the movement elsewhere still less is known. Mexico City is in a state of tension, and its streets are patrolled by cavalry. Some reports describe the whole of the South, and notably Yucatan, as in rebellion, and add that the bridges and wires have been cut. It is the fact that most of the telegraph lines are closed; but whether the rebels have cut them, or whether the Government really holds them for strategic reasons, is unknown. Even if the latter explanation is the true one, it proves that the danger is, or has been, widespread and grave. The troops, so far, are believed to be outwardly loyal; but some regiments are causing anxiety to the Government.

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THE most probable guess at what has happened is that some well-armed bands of Mexican refugees have crossed the frontier from Texas, hoping to gain recruits as they marched. Some widespread plot, with limited resources, there may have been, and possibly a sympathetic rising in the South. It is easier to explain why the Mexicans should rebel than to know whether they have rebelled or will rebel. The Government of Diaz, thanks to his real competence, his attention to systematic advertising, his encouragement of foreign enterprises, and his friendly relations with American financiers and the Washington Government, is popular abroad.

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BUT it is, and always has been, a cruel if efficient despotism. There is no pretence of any liberty of the Press or liberty of election. The mayors and governors are the nominees of the central Government. The least attempt at opposition is ruthlessly crushed, and the most savage tortures are practised in the gaols, while the Indians are kept in serfdom, and some tribes (notably the Yaquis) virtually enslaved. The leader of the revolt is Señor Madero, a popular member of a respected family, who was imprisoned during the recent "elections" for his audacity in daring to stand as candidate for the Presidency against Diaz. If, as one report states, General Reys, lately Minister of War, and now in Europe, will join the rebels, the movement may become very serious, on account of his popularity in the army. It is anti-American as well as anti-Diaz, and may therefore involve grave international complications.

FROM three sources information has come during the week regarding Sir Edward Grey's policy in Persia—from questions in the Commons, a debate in the Lords, and a telegram summarising a despatch presented at Teheran. The result, as Lord Courtney stated, is only to confirm the criticisms of the course that has been followed. No loan has been formally vetoed. But the protection of the Foreign Office has been refused to any bank other than the Imperial Bank,

with which Persia does not wish to deal. In other words, British interests are denied the moral protection to which, in all countries subject to extra-territorial jurisdiction, they are entitled, in order to make finance subserve political ends. Persia, in the effort to raise resources to police her own territory, has not been forbidden to mortgage the proceeds of a proposed ten per cent. surtax on the imports of the Southern ports. But she has been told that she may impose this tax, only if she uses it to pay a gendarmerie under British officers. Further, if she will not voluntarily adopt this course, it will be imposed on her, after a time limit, by force. Such is a bald summary of the situation. It means that Persia is not free to borrow. She is not free to tax. She is not free to employ as police officers foreigners of her own choosing (she wishes to enlist Swedes). It is a fiction to pretend that this treatment is consistent with any respect for that independence which we have guaranteed.

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DJAVID BEY has presented his budgetary statement with marked promptitude to the Session of the Ottoman Parliament, which opened last week. It is said to be a workmanlike statement, and to bear evidence of considerable success in the novel task of organising a Department which never before attempted to strike a balance. But the figures are very far from reassuring. Over eleven millions have been borrowed since the new régime began, on the basis of an annual revenue of only twenty-eight millions. Djavid Bey himself predicts deficits for at least three years ahead—a calculation which presupposes an expanding revenue, of which at present there is little or no indication. Without confidence it will not expand, and confidence there is none. The Army Estimates account for no less than nine of the thirty-five millions of expenditure. They show an increase this year, and they will go on increasing. There has been retrenchment on the navy, but this probably means only that ornamental posts have been abolished. The real expenditure has risen, and will rise. The small economies which Djavid Bey has practised occur mainly in the wrong places, notably in the expenditure on education.

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IF death meant extinction, we should have to say that a great light had been extinguished on the earth. Tolstoy died on Sunday morning in a room at the wayside station of Astapovo. His last words were addressed to his favorite daughter, Tatiana: "There are millions of suffering people round the world; why are so many of you around me?" Drawing her to him with a strong grasp, he said, "Well, this is the end, that is all." The Orthodox Church made repeated attempts to secure Tolstoy's reconciliation to her Communion, as the Roman Church tried to reconcile an earlier rebel, Voltaire, but they were not successful. But her line was placable, and both the Court and the Duma, excepting the members of the Right, joined in the national tribute to the greatest of the Russians. Tolstoy was buried beneath the trees of his estate in Yasnaya Polyana, in a spot where he had played as a boy. It is said that 100,000 people were present at the funeral. When the coffin approached, the crowd fell on their knees and sang the chorale, "Eternal Memory." A man called out: "Our great hero is dead! Long live our great hero's spirit! May his precepts of Christianity and Love be fulfilled!" Tolstoy's eyes were fixed on the sun, and excessive light may sometimes have blinded them; but we who sit in the darkness and the shadow of death cannot reproach him for that.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE RE-ENTRENCHMENT OF THE LORDS.

"Who are you that you should frame resolutions and measures to stand between the House of Commons and the people?"—*John Morley to the House of Lords.*

WE hope that the issue in this election will be set out on the broad, simple lines in which the chief Liberal and Radical partisans have already chosen to describe it. "We come," they say, "to you, the people of these islands, with a quarrel against the anti-popular and unrepresentative House, which, if you decide in our favor, we have full authority to settle once and for all. We tell you that, under present conditions, there is no future for Liberalism, and that there can be no future until you give the House of Commons the predominance over the House of Lords which we demand for it. If you refuse this power to-day, you will have to grant it to-morrow. Therefore close the issue now. The House of Lords will yield, if you tell it to yield. It will only resist, if you give it reason to suspect the strength and firmness of your will."

Here, then, is the necessity which, after the failure of the Conference, has brought about an appeal to the good sense and political genius of the British and Irish peoples. But is it a necessity? "No," say the shrewder Tories, joined by a handful of "Moderates," of the type of Lord St. Aldwyn and the Archbishops. "The Lords may have been wrong in rejecting the Budget, but they have repented that folly in sackcloth and ashes, and they are not likely to repeat it. They are now prepared to give you all that you can reasonably want, and all that, in effect, you have ever demanded. Is it the predominance of the House of Commons, in general legislation as well as in finance, which you require? Mr. Balfour expressly acknowledges it. Do you want a reformed and reduced and less Torified House of Lords? The Rosebery Resolutions provide for it. Is it a Joint Session of the two Houses—the Conference plan—for the adjustment of differences between them? It is part of the Lansdowne Resolutions." This is, in effect, the Tory electoral argument, and, in Liberal eyes, it has at least one surpassing merit. It is a complete admission of their case. In a week's sittings the House of Lords, which half a century ago forbade the Commons to infect its blue blood with the bacillus of one life peerage, has offered to admit a wholesale "culture" of non-hereditary, nominated, selected, and elected members, issuing from the Crown, from themselves, and even from the people. For the House of Lords which twelve short months ago claimed the right to deal with each Bill and every Bill as it chose, not a hand, not a voice, is raised inside or outside its venerable walls. The whole apparatus is cleared away with the bustle and rumble of a great stage at a Christmas pantomime, as one scene replaces another.

Thus far, therefore, the victory is ours, and we command the electoral situation. The three points of

the Liberal Charter were—the definite paramountcy of the Commons, their supremacy in finance, and an end to the absolute Veto. On paper we have them all. In reality we shall have them—when we have won the election. For observe that the entire Tory policy is to fashion a weapon with a blunt or a sharp edge for democracy according as the real strength of popular sentiment is disclosed in the coming contest. For that reason, while we have fashioned a perfectly clear and simple policy, they have elaborated an intentionally vague and complicated one. We have gone straight to the only point at issue, which is the deadlock between the two Houses. They have told us that they will attend to that little difficulty as soon as they have got a new House of Lords to their mind. There is, therefore, no help in Lord Lansdowne's and Lord Rosebery's plans. They are less props for the peers than bludgeons for the Commons. They meet the case for a Tory Government. They are absolutely useless to suit the needs of a Liberal Government. They could do nothing, and they are not meant to do anything, to resolve the situation that arose in 1906, in 1907, in 1908, and in 1909. They would not enable us to pass a single Radical Budget, or a single Radical Bill of consequence. Indeed, in some important particulars they mark the evident decision of the Tory leaders to construct a kind of Torres Vedras, within which their army may find safety now that the crude defence of an hereditary peerage has failed. Last year we had to do with a body of about 600 gentlemen, 550 of them Tories and nearly all landowners, the majority obscure or even meritless men, who threw out the Budget because it taxed their land. That was a weak and a false situation. What would confront us the day after the Rosebery Resolutions became part of the Constitution? A band of 400 carefully selected supermen. Half of them would be the pick of the present House of Lords, chosen by the existing Chamber, which already selects a purely Conservative Scottish and Irish representative element. The other half would consist of high officials and dignitaries, chiefly taken from fields of statesmanship in which democracy has little or no play, such as pro-consuls, great soldiers and sailors, and bureaucrats from the home offices, some nominees of the Government, and some representatives of an unknown electorate. It is inconceivable that such a body would lose the predominant and overwhelming Conservative type which prevails in the present House of Lords. The only difference would be that, instead of a crude, undistinguished Tory mass, you would have an intelligent, instructed, and imposing Conservative majority of, say, 100 to 150, tinged with enough Liberalism of the moderate type to present a far more powerful counter-attraction to a Liberal House of Commons than exists to-day. Does Lord Lansdowne mean other than this? If so, not one word has fallen from him or from any Tory speaker in the House of Lords to indicate it.

So much for the new parent body which the Tory Constitution-makers have in view. What are to be its relations to the House of Commons? Here the Lansdowne Resolutions come into play. They set up the machinery of the Joint Session of the two Houses, on which the



Conference broke down, and fix its dealings with finance, and with ordinary legislation. And how do they deal with finance? We started and won our campaign on the Budget on the historical ground that the "control of the public finance by the House of Commons is a CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT,"\* and that the Lords have "no voice in the question of expenditure save that of formally assenting to the Appropriation Acts."† If the Lords had amended the Budget instead of rejecting it, the Speaker would have been expected to rule, and would have ruled, by his sole and traditional authority, that the privileges of the Commons had been infringed. Both these positions are assailed under the Lansdowne Resolutions. The rejection, and even the amendment of "purely financial" Bills is expressly claimed as a "Constitutional right" by the House of Lords. This impudent usurpation is nominally waived. The stolen goods are restored, but only in order to set up a claim for compensation. For if the question arises as to whether a Money Bill is "purely financial" or no, the matter is to be resolved, not, if you please, by the Speaker of the House of Commons, its historic judge, but by a Joint Committee of both Houses, in which the Speaker will only possess a casting vote, and in which the Lords may possess either a majority or equal representation with the Commons. Gone, therefore, is the Commons' single "control" of "public finance," by "constitutional right," in all its broader public aspects, indeed, in all the aspects with which statesmanship, as apart from mere accounting, is concerned. For, what is Lord Lansdowne's definition of Bills which, though "Money Bills," are not to be regarded as "purely financial?" "We object entirely," says this gentleman, "to the extreme claim that any Bill beginning with the usual financial resolutions in Committee of the House of Commons, or any powers involving expenditure out of the rates or taxes, is to be treated as a Money Bill." And "we" further claim the power of dealing with all Bills calculated to produce "political and social effects, the importance of which is far in excess of the mere financial operations of the measure itself." Under the Lansdowne régime, therefore, the Budget of 1909, as well as the Licensing Bill of 1908, would almost certainly have been destroyed. The first, at least, we took to the country and carried. The Lansdowne scheme would have automatically passed it on to the Joint Committee, in which, for the first time in English history, the peers would, by constitutional enactment, help to settle the fate of a Budget. If the Speaker's single vote then failed, it would go to the Joint Session, and remain there. Meanwhile, the Tariff Reform Budget would escape the trap set for a Radical and a Free Trade Budget. For, Speaker or no Speaker, a Joint Committee of Tory Commoners and Tory Peers would assuredly rule, with Lord Ridley, that it was a "purely financial" matter.

Nor has Lord Lansdowne neglected to load the dice with equal forethought against Liberal legislation. Here, again, the contrast between the Liberal and the Tory plan is plain. We give the Lords the power of

delay and revision which the Constitution assigns them. They give themselves the same force of delay as the Veto Bill allows. But they thoughtfully add a patent Bill-crusher of their own. For small Liberal Bills there is the Joint Sitting, from which again Lord Lansdowne withholds any promise of predominance for the Commons. The joint body may consist of all the Peers and all the Commons—in which case the Commons go automatically down—or of a proportionate representation of the majorities in each House—when the Commons go down again—or of an equal representation of Lords and Commons, when a Liberal House of Commons gets its only chance. For greater Bills a more elaborate and seemly fate is reserved. The Lords can reject them on two pleas—that they are very "grave," or that the people have not adequately considered them—and having done so, can send them through the mechanical sieve of the Referendum, so constructed as to catch all Radical Bills, and let all Tory Bills through. Thus, inequality between Liberalism and Toryism being finally set up, the Royal weapon of an unlimited creation of peers being broken, a strong House of Lords having been established for a weak one, the power and mandate of representative government having been diminished by some seventy-five per cent., and a new instrument of delay, conservatism, and improper electoral pressure in the cause of wealth and banded interests foisted on to the Constitution, all will go merry as a marriage bell.

Such are the calculations of the shallow contrivers who govern the Tory Party. They will be defeated. No one of their devices, as it stands, is either fairly planned or suited to our Constitution. The Referendum is unadapted either to finance or to the general needs of a great and complicated industrial State like ours. The Joint Session is only applicable, as in the Colonial constitutions, to cases in which a large and powerful First Chamber is confronted by a small and weak Second Chamber. It is possible, as we have said, that here and there a proposal of the Lords might be shaped into a genuine plan of conciliation. But on one condition only. We must win this election. Lord Lansdowne will then present the soft edge of his new Constitution. If we lose, we shall get the sharp blade pressed to the throat of democracy and representative government.

#### THE NEW CHARTER OF TRADE UNIONISM.

In principle, the plan of the Government for dealing with the Osborne judgment coincides closely with the conditions of settlement which THE NATION has more than once suggested. In the first place there is to be State provision for the payment of members and of election expenses. By this means two great difficulties will be met. The financial dependence of the elected representative on the organisation which has sent him to Parliament will be removed, and a great handicap on Labor representation generally will be abolished. In the second place, the political activity of Trade Unions is to be recognised. They are to be emancipated from the hampering restrictions by which the judges have sought to paralyse them. It is acknowledged that the limitation

\* Todd's "Parliamentary Government in England."

† May's "Constitutional History of England."

of hours, the regulation of wages, security against accidents, questions of Poor Law, questions of sanitation, questions of elementary education, are among those bound up with the interests of workmen; that such questions in our time form the life-blood of political controversy; and that it is accordingly absurd to suggest that such political action as goes to determine the answer to be given to those questions—an answer in which our working men and women are primarily and vitally interested—lies outside the legitimate scope of the organisations which such men and women form for the protection of their industrial rights. Nor, as a matter of policy, is it desirable to narrow down the view of the Trade Unions to the business of higgling with employers over wages and hours. On the contrary, it is eminently desirable to broaden their view, to accustom them to the conception that the labor conditions of each section are as a whole determined by large social causes, of which the actual state of the labor market in their particular trade and locality is only one incidental factor. It is all to the good that they should accustom themselves to the view that if they are to secure permanent improvement for their class it must be by dealing, not with effects, but with causes, and that the causes of industrial prosperity or retrogression are widespread in a thousand features of the social and political structure. It is, therefore, neither just nor socially desirable to restrain Trade Unions from the promotion of industrial interests by political action. But it is just to recognise that as soon as the Union takes a broader view, and begins to handle general politics, divergences of opinion will infallibly arise among its members, that these differences will be intensely felt, and that when the dissident is compelled to make a direct payment on behalf of a candidature which he resents, all the feelings of revolt involved in the violation of individual conscience by collective ordinance will be brought into being. The Government, therefore, recognise that some provision must be made for the "conscientious objector."

In principle, as we have said, all that is not only sound, but runs on lines already argued here. But when we come to the method by which the Government propose to secure the liberty of the individual, we are not so clear. It would seem, though there is room for further definition and explanation, that they contemplate the entire separation of political from other funds, and that they propose to place the political fund on a purely voluntary basis. This would seem to be going a great deal too far. To begin with, Trade Unions have always opposed the division of their funds, for the very good reason that the true capital of the Union is the loyalty of its members. By ignoring this intangible but very real asset, it has often been possible to demonstrate the insolvency of Unions which have, nevertheless, flourished and paid their way for years after the demonstration is forgotten. The sentiment to which the Union appeals in any moment of stress is that of fidelity to the Union as a whole, and that wholeness disappears when funds and objects are separated, so that the Union can quite well go on though some particular fund may fail. Secondly, what may be called the normal purposes of politics are well within the legitimate sphere of the

Trade Union. It should require no special levy to support the expenses of a deputation to Ministers on a question of a Factory or Mines Bill, or of a platform agitation on a question of municipal employment. The true condition of the legitimate use of the general funds and levies is, to use Mr. Asquith's words, "that the opinion of the union is effectively ascertained." That being so, the majority ought to have its way. The minority cannot claim the double indulgence of protection by conditions as to the "effectiveness" of the majority, and protection by a conscience clause. The case of a direct levy on behalf of a candidate stands, we think, on a somewhat different footing. It is here that the dissident finds himself directly called upon to pay money for the definite and indisputable purpose of forwarding the candidature of a man to whose opinions he is opposed, and it is from this situation that he may demand escape.

But even here the dissident ought not to gain financially by his conscientious objection. This case is met if he is allowed, not to decline the levy, but to ear-mark his contribution for the general funds of the union. Nor would such a privilege impair the efficiency of the union organisation or supply a financial motive for the discovery and cultivation of a tender political conscience. We take it, then, that the true line of demarcation is not between the political and non-political, which, in point of fact, shade off into one another. The true line is that between the financial support of a political candidate and all other methods of trade union agitation. Political action as such falls well within trade union functions, and, in exerting such action, an effective majority ought not to be paralysed by the existence of a certain number of dissentients. The ordinary funds of the union should be available for any agitation which the majority believes to be for the common good of their body. The promotion of political candidatures, on the other hand, takes the unions from specific political objects out into the domain of general politics. It is within the right of a trade unionist, as a citizen, to withhold his support from a candidate whose general politics he dislikes, and to put constraint upon him will prove a source of manifold difficulties. It is at this point, therefore, and for this narrowly defined object, that a special fund should be formed, and, as a boon, that the individual should be allowed the privilege of choosing the goal of his personal contribution.

#### PROTECTION'S LAST DITCH.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S formal admission that Tariff Reform is the second, not the first, issue of the forthcoming election may seem to warrant Liberals in concentrating all their energy upon the Lords. We think, however, that any such neglect of the defences of Free Trade would be exceedingly unwise. For, as the fight advances, and Conservatives discover the strength of popular feeling behind the Anti-Veto Bill, they will revert more and more to the mendacities and sophistry which have formed the staple of their platform oratory for the last seven years. Wherever the obtuseness or

ignorance of the electorate permits them thus to revert to this "first constructive measure" of their policy, they will do so. For they are well aware that to retire Tariff Reform after two defeats will be taken as a final admission of its failure.

Hence the redressing of the Tariff window by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Although that rising tactician, with next spring's Imperial Conference in view, declines to withdraw the food taxes, his solemn declaration for a 2s. maximum on foreign wheat, with free admission for the Colonies, is carefully contrived for the support of Mr. Balfour's pledges that the people's food shall not cost them more. For either the foreigner will pay, or such a little tax will be easily borne by the broad back of the shippers or the carrying companies, and will not in any case enhance the price of bread to the consumers. This theory of incidence is for urban constituencies. For rural electioneering, the 2s. means a corresponding rise of price for home-grown wheat, no great matter in itself to be sure, not enough to bring back into profitable cultivation land that has passed from arable to pasture, but an earnest of more to follow. With lowered voice, so that the matter shall not obtrude itself upon the town-read Press, our rural politicians will explain how Germany, beginning with a maximum of 2s., found that, after a few years, that bonus for the farmer had risen from 2s. to 11s. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri!* Such an issue would, indeed, be happiness for English farmers—and their landlords. It is, of course, quite true that the Imperialistic motif spoils the tune. For if, as is contended, the Imperial Preference thus accorded, speedily enlarges the wheat-fields of the Empire, so that Imperial wheat displaces the foreign wheat imported now, wheat prices do not rise, and the deluded British farmer has cast his vote in vain. The electioneering uses of the revised food-taxes thus depend entirely upon preventing the three parties—the colonist, the consumer, and the British farmer—from meeting and comparing notes. When they do meet, about 8.30 upon polling day, they will perceive that the advantage each gets from the tariff is more than cancelled by the advantages of the other two.

To such small trickery are our Protectionists driven by a combination of illogic and the force of circumstances. For how is fair fighting possible when every weapon they seize breaks in their hands? At the opening of his fatuous campaign, Mr. Chamberlain took for his test argument the decline of our export trade in manufactures. The last three years have shown an unprecedented advance in just this branch of trade, while the particular businesses singled out as examples of decaying trades have exhibited the largest growth. Recent statistics of our import trade, upon the other hand, instead of bearing out the malign prophecies about the dumping on our shores of foreign manufactured goods, exhibit, with annoying regularity, a much larger increase of raw materials, precisely the articles which Protectionists approve.

As if this distressing prosperity of British trade were not enough for our neo-patriots to bear, this year must be selected for a veritable shower of testimony against tariffs from those very countries to whose wisdom and content-

ment Tariff Reformers had always made appeal. Violent protests of the working-classes in Germany, culminating in street-fighting, furnish a practical commentary upon food taxes by those who have experienced their incidence. Not even the eloquence of Mr. Bonar Law would be able to persuade the German that "the foreigner would pay." But worse even than this, the United States and Canada have been the scenes of the most formidable revolt against Protection ever witnessed since the high-tariff policy was instituted. The repudiation of pledges of reduction by the framers of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff brought to a head this autumn the gathering indignation of a great working people robbed of the wages of their toil by a continual enhancement of prices for the necessities of life, imposed by Trusts and other powerful capitalist combinations through the manipulation of the tariff. The disastrous collapse of the great Republican party is the most striking refutation that could be given of the impudent claim that Protection benefits the wage-earner by giving him high wages and security of employment. But hardly less significant is the testimony of Canada, where the farming population of the thriving North-West has risen like one man against the tyranny of the Ontario manufacturers, who, by manipulating the politicians of both parties, have rack-rented the farmers in the price of their clothing, furniture, and agricultural machinery.

It might be supposed that our Protectionists would recognise that this was not quite an opportune moment to urge upon our people a policy designed to raise prices by keeping out foreign foods and manufactured goods. But desperate politicians on the eve of an election cannot afford to be particular in choice of arguments. So we find Mr. Holt Schooling, in the "Morning Post," resorting to a line of reasoning which, for sheer audacity, must hold a record even in the annals of the fiscal controversy. Now that prices have risen so high all over the world, it is, he thinks, the very time for us to try the protective experiment! For as, upon the one hand, this rise of prices disproves the contention that Free Trade makes for lower prices, so, on the other, the dearness of food makes it more urgent to apply without delay the Tariff remedy. "What is the remedy for this increase in the price of food in the United Kingdom? Obviously, the most simple, direct, and effective remedy is the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial Preference in our trade with other parts of the British Empire." Until now, a "good Tariff Reformer" need only say "Your food will not cost you more." Now he must go one step further, and say "Your food will cost you less." How long will it be before Mr. Balfour, screwed up to this concert pitch, dilates upon the "obvious" efficacy of this remedy for high prices? But this remedy must not be disclosed to the rural electorate, for if they come to understand that the effect of the Preference is to stimulate so large an influx of cheap Imperial wheat into this country as to knock down prices to the lower level, they will not like it.

We think it likely, however, that Mr. Schooling's reasoning may not convince electors. Suppose he should be wrong, and, his obvious remedy failing, prices should rise, instead of fall, as the result of a tariff. For



there is an awkward doctrine, known as "the plurality of causes," which suggests that the rise of prices which has occurred in this country under Free Trade does not preclude a tariff from raising prices higher still. Protectionists will doubtless say that any slight addition which may occur will not be felt when prices already stand so high. But the consumer—who also is God's creature—may not view the matter so complacently. The workman, whose real wage is already reduced to a starvation level by high prices, may not regard with equanimity a further rise, however small. For he will rightly reason that, though the proportionate effect of this later rise may be diminished by the magnitude of the earlier rise, the absolute injury it inflicts upon his standard of life will be enhanced. Free Traders will insist that the high level of prices which already prevails is a fresh and a final argument against selecting this time for even the most trifling experiment in protective tariffs.

#### THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

THERE is nothing more interesting in the history of modern Imperialism than the belated discovery which the disinterested student of its doings makes of the motive which have underlain its aggressions. We confess that we had never precisely understood the reason for the sudden interest which Germany evinced in Venezuela some years ago, until M. Victor Bérard pointed out that her effort to acquire a foothold there coincided with vast expansion in the demand for cocoa, a commodity which Venezuela, under energetic rule, could supply in great quantities. There were many guesses as to the motives which explained the curiously wilful concern of the same Power about Morocco. But it was not till the acute crisis was over that the general public heard of the Mannesmann concession, and realised that this corner of Africa is surprisingly rich in excellent iron ore. Then, step by step, one half learned, half guessed how the French firm of Schneider and the German firm of Krupp had struggled for the exploitation of this ore, and how in the end they had come to terms and formed a joint syndicate to work the mines, not only of Morocco, but also of the neighboring regions of Algeria. It happened that their strangely assorted alliance, to share the raw material destined for the cannon whose mouths gape at each other across the Eastern frontier of France, coincided with a political *entente* between France and Germany upon the whole Moroccan question. It was a singular phenomenon, and while the financial tail wagged the political dog, one could only gaze and wonder, amid its undulations, where the dog began and the tail ended. A few experiences of this kind—and one might lengthen the list indefinitely—induces in the least speculative mind a habit of generalisation and a reasonable expectation which is rarely disappointed. The face that launches the thousand ships in the modern world has a persistently financial nose. We had waited in some bewilderment for the customary discovery about Persia. That somebody wanted no goldfields and wanted no territory was probable, but what goldfields were there for a

reluctant Empire to take against its will? Persia was never rich, and the process of desiccation which goes rapidly on from generation to generation promises it no golden future. The population is dwindling with the area of cultivation. It is doubtful if any system of irrigation can be devised. Vast deserts gape between the few towns, and only the lower slopes of the hills can be tilled. Minerals there may be, but every attempt to exploit them has failed. Loans may be wanted, but in trifling sums of half a million at a time. Where was the motive for aggression?

The answer came last week. A syndicate of Russian banks has been formed, with connections in London and Paris and the avowed backing of M. Stolypin, to build a great inter-continental railway across Persia. It is under the wheels of an Indo-Russian *train de luxe* that the liberties of Persia are to be crushed. There is something almost romantic in the spectacle. Along this route through the Caucasus into Europe passed uncounted hordes of Scythians and Tartars. Tamerlane may have tramped where the cars of the late King Leopold's company will roll. The West, by an unconscious instinct, seeks the old beaten path in its return to the East. But it is not the romance that attracts the bankers of this international syndicate. They discern, if their announcements may be trusted, a safe 6 per cent. and more. And why not? The route is easy and relatively short. One may run rapidly to Baku to-day. From Bombay the lines reach to Quetta and Nushki. It is only Persia and Baluchistan that have yet to be crossed. Local traffic there may be little. What commodities do the Persian deserts demand? Shoes for Bairam's wild asses would not be profitable articles of export. But at last this line seems to solve the problem of the overland route to India. The financiers tell us that it will bring Bombay within seven days of London, and enable a man of enterprise and resolution to break consecutive Sabbaths in two several Continents. The Bagdad route has no advantages to compare with it for ease and rapidity of transit. There need be no break or change between Calais and Bombay. The Bagdad line has a strait to cross before it can leave Europe, and entails at the end a sea journey down the Persian Gulf. In point of time it presented no appreciable advantage over Brindisi.

One may at once concede that the scheme is feasible, and that it would bring solid advantages to a generation which would rather travel quickly than watch a gifted race work out its own problem in liberty. But the political implications of the scheme are staggering. This nation, for reasons which never attained lucidity in print, shrank in alarm from the risk of building a tunnel to link Dover to Calais. It gaily embraces a plan to join India to Russia. For generations we have sought to heap up mountain chains between the two Empires. We piled Pelion on Ossa, Pamir on Himalaya, to make a barrier, and now we are cheerfully preparing to level the roads and open the gates, and build a track across the one route which lay open, formidable only by its deserts. Where have we found the long spoon which makes the supper safe? For our part we never feared the bogey of a Russian invasion of

India. But this sudden eagerness to domesticate the nightmare and tie it up in our stables is baffling to the plain mind. It is astonishing how delighted we now are to be invaded at six per cent. But it is less this aspect of the question that concerns us than the problem of what is to become of Persia. Railroads, as the Manchurian case shows, must be garrisoned. Already the Russian troops are posted where the northern half of the rails must lie. In the south we are proposing to make a modest beginning by sending Indian officers to organise a local police. In one form or another, the enterprise involves the partition of Persia. The two zones will be coterminous, for even the neutral zone of the Anglo-Russian Convention has disappeared. Railways are a potent solvent of neutrality. One cannot lay rails across a no-man's land. The two Empires, in effect, will be coterminous, and we shall have become a Continental Power, with a vast commitment to defend. The key to India will no longer be Suez, which a fleet can hold, but Ispahan, which only an army can reach. We keep Egypt to make sure of Suez—Imperialism must always have a door for the sake of the lock. By how much more shall we be forced to keep our half of Persia? It is the most colossal change of front in our Imperial policy which any British Minister has contemplated since Disraeli, and we should be sorry to assume that Sir Edward Grey does contemplate it. He is rather apt to do things without contemplating them. But of one thing we may be sure. Long before the railway has made six per cent. for its shareholders, it will have sent their sons into the barracks. One cannot become a Continental Power without adopting a Continental arm. The liberties of Persia will be heavily avenged. An alternative there is, of course. We might decide to wait ten years for our railway. We might give Persia a breathing space, in which to make herself a civilised Power, whose territory a railway might cross without foreign guards. There is, however, one grave drawback to such a policy. It would mean that the promoters' shares would bear no interest for half-generation. Imperialism expects quicker returns.

#### THE CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

It would be interesting to know why over 15,000 people petitioned the Home Secretary in favor of a reprieve for Dr. Crippen. He was not an "interesting" murderer, being, indeed, as cold-blooded as he was false; and no one with an average capacity for weighing evidence could have doubted his guilt. What, therefore, were the motives of the 15,000? Shall we conclude that most of them were believers in capital punishment? And, if so, must we suppose that they were attracted by a side of Crippen's character—such as his staunchness to his companion in flight—which appealed to them as a kind of perverse "sportsmanship"? Or were they vaguely distrustful of purely circumstantial evidence, strained as it possibly was on one point against the prisoner? Perhaps they thought that, in spite of the experts, there was a doubt as to the identity of the remains found in the cellar. Certain it is that, in this case, as in a still more repellent one, elements favorable to the prisoner crept into the public

mind. Some of these might have been imported by sensational journalism, or by the reaction against the new method of trial by newspaper. Modern criminals are often tried, not merely by twelve selected citizens, but by an entire nation, and cases which are debated and re-debated in thousands of homes, restaurants, and railway carriages start untrained minds on many divergent tracks. So far as we can judge this process, it does not seem to increase the popular vindictiveness supposed to be felt for specially cruel or deliberate murderers. It rather seems to indicate some growing tendency to doubt the validity of judgments so irrevocable as the death sentence, even when the evidence supporting them appears to be unusually weighty. We are sure that this tendency is heightened by "hard-riding" counsel and judges. It is clear that trials involving the last penalty must be conducted with great care and moderation if they are to carry public opinion with them.

But, indeed, however judges and counsel demean themselves, the pressure of this outside force will inevitably become stronger in proportion as the crudeness and irrationality of our British law of homicide come home to the popular mind. Even as things stand, the law is tempered by feelings and judgments which are not legal at all. If the death penalty were carried out on the body of every man or woman who was sentenced to be hanged in accordance with the law as it stands, half the gaols in this country would be sacked. We know that a very able criminal judge used to make a kind of informal bargain with his conscience not to hang women who had killed their babies after being seduced and abandoned. In practice we have ceased to hang women at all, and it is obvious that, so long as the death penalty prevails, we shall find the borderland of exemption from it constantly extended by acts of half-concealed evasion of the law. Where these do not avail, judges, juries, and the public look to the Home Secretary to help them out of the moral dilemmas imposed on them by the mere practice of legality. These dilemmas increase as moral judgments grow more complicated and refined. The mass of the people do not believe that all the offences to which the law assigns the death penalty are properly punishable by it. What they do not believe, juries cease to believe also, and thus in the end, judges, if they desire to retain any validity for the written law, are forced to accommodate it to the unwritten law of opinion. In a word, the English law has one idea as to the treatment of homicide; the English, and Scottish, and Welsh, and Irish peoples have another. Which is the better plan? To reconcile the two, as other countries reconcile them, by recognising marked degrees of guilt in homicide, and apportioning punishment accordingly? Or to maintain the contradiction, and thus, by increasing the uncertainty of the law, to diminish its protective force and its hold on public respect?

This, we admit, is no more than a plea for modifying the law of homicide, while retaining the death penalty. If we go further, and propose to abolish that penalty, we make a somewhat bolder adventure with human nature. The hostile argument is not without weight. If we assume that a certain number of homi-

cides are committed with cool calculation, such as the slaying of a householder by a burglar, caught in the act, we may conclude that in such a case the criminal might be tempted to use his revolver by the knowledge that the punishment for murder was of the same kind as that for house-breaking, and only a little severer in degree. It is conceivable that the fear of the guillotine, or the hangman's rope, might give him pause, when the thought of some months more of penal servitude would be brushed aside. If we take this view, and think that criminal motives can thus be assessed, we must admit that, in abolishing the death penalty, we somewhat diminish the security of human life, while we dispense with a deterrent to cruel and violent crime. The result of one or two experiments in the abolition of capital punishment seems to support this view, though we must reckon with the morbid attraction of the death penalty as well as with its repulsive power. The argument is, indeed, a narrow one, and it has to meet the broad, general fact that harsh and dramatic punishments, including the most dramatic of all, have never abolished crime; and have often coincided with the most inveterate and seemingly incurable epidemics of it. Nor, again, is it likely that crimes of deliberate violence are a special menace to modern States. The worst of them is war, and war is not a growing scourge of civilisation. What we have really to contemplate is an increased reluctance on the part of democracies, made sensitive even by their cheap newspapers as to the fallibilities of trained judgments, to take decisions which cannot be reversed. "I am as certain you committed the crime as if I saw you do it with my own eyes," said a Judge many years ago to a prisoner, an Italian, in sentencing him to death for a murder of which he was afterwards proved to be innocent. Rather than run such risks, modern people will probably take their chance of a decreased guarantee against the commission of a certain kind of crime. They will prefer a safer form of justice, with a slightly added risk to honest men, to a rough and ready way of ridding the world of a class of specially designing rogues, who are probably rarer than romantic fiction leads us to believe. Of this change of temper, the lessening hatred of the public even for specially callous murderers like Crippen is a sign. Few people really hate a murderer after the sentence of death has been passed on him. They like to see him caught and condemned, but the reaction sets in the moment the black cap is placed on the judge's wig. After that point most of us pity him far beyond his deserts; nearly all dislike his hangman and commiserate the officials—governor, gaolers, chaplain—who carry out the sentence that no living judge would pronounce if he were forced to execute it himself. These are not merely morbid tendencies; or, if they are, they reflect the undue strain on human nature when the community finds itself responsible for the deliberate taking of the life of a fellow-being. Modern societies feel themselves increasingly disabled from such work; it does not stimulate their moral sense, but rather warps and obscures their judgment of the guilt of homicide. And when that effect is widely produced, the abolition of capital punishment is at hand.

## Life and Letters.

### THE CHIEF OF REBELS.

"It is time that I ceased to fill the world," said the dying Victor Hugo, and we recognise the truth of the saying, though with a smile. For each generation must find its own way, nor would it be a consolation to have even the greatest of ancient prophets living still. But yet there breathes from the living a more intimate influence, for which an immortality of fame cannot compensate. When men like Tolstoy die, the world is colder as well as more empty. They have passed outside the common dangers and affections of man's warm-blooded circle, lighted by the sun and moon. Their spirit may go marching on; it may become immortal and shine with an increasing radiance, perpetual as the sweet influences of the Pleiades. But their place in the heavens is fixed. We can no longer watch how they will meet the glorious or inglorious uncertainties of the daily conflict. We can no longer make appeal for their succor against the new positions and new encroachments of the eternal adversary. The sudden splendor of action is no longer theirs, and if we would know the loss implied in that difference, let us imagine that Tolstoy had died before the summer of two years ago, when he uttered his overwhelming protest against the political massacres ordained by Russia. In place of that protest, in place of the poignant indignation which appealed to Stolypin's hangmen to fix their well-soaped noose around his own old neck, since, if any were guilty, it was he—in place of the shame and wrath that cried, "I cannot be silent!" we should have had nothing but our own memory and regret, murmuring to ourselves, "If only Tolstoy had been living now! But perhaps, for his sake, it is better he is not."

And now that he is dead, and the world is chilled by the loss of its greatest and most fiery personality, the adversary may breathe more freely. As Tolstoy was crossing a city square—we suppose the "Red Square" in Moscow—on the day when the Holy Synod of Russia excommunicated him from the Church, he heard someone say, "Look! There goes the devil in human form!" And for the next few weeks he continued to receive letters clotted with anathemas, damnations, threats, and filthy abuse. It was no wonder. To all thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, to all priests of established religions, to the officials of every kind of government, to the Ministers, whether of parliaments or despots, to all naval and military officers, to all lawyers, judges, jurymen, policemen, gaolers, and executioners, to all tax-collectors, speculators, and financiers, Tolstoy was, indeed, the devil in human form. To them he was the gainsayer, the destroyer, the most shattering of existent forces. And, in themselves, how large and powerful a section of every modern State they are! They may almost be called the Church and State incarnate, and they seldom hesitate to call themselves so. But, against all their authorities, formulæ, and traditions, Tolstoy stood in perpetual rebellion. To him their parchments and wigs, their cells and rods and hang-ropes, their mitres, chasubles, vestments, incense, chantings, services, bells, and books counted as so much trumpery. For him external law had no authority. If it conflicted with the law of the soul, it was the soul's right and duty to disregard or break it. Speaking of the law which ordained the flogging of peasants for taxes, he wrote: "There is but one thing to say—that no such law can exist; that no ukase, or insignia, or seals, or Imperial commands can make a law out of a crime." Similarly, the doctrines of the Church, her traditions, sacraments, rituals, and miracles—all that appeared to him to conflict with human intelligence and the law of his soul—he disregarded or denied. "I deny them all," he wrote in his answer to the Holy Synod's excommunication (1901); "I consider all the sacraments to be coarse, degrading sorcery, incompatible with the idea of God or with the Christian teaching." And, as the briefest statement of the law of his soul, he added:—

"I believe in this: I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, as the Source of all. I believe that he is in me, and I in him. I believe that the will of God is most



clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus, whom to consider as God, and pray to, I esteem the greatest blasphemy. I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and his will is that men should love one another, and should consequently do to others as they wish others to do to them—of which it is said in the Gospels that this is the law and the prophets."

The world has listened to rebels against Church and State before, and still it goes shuffling along as best it can under external laws and governments, with symbols, rituals, and miraculous manifestations. To such rebels the world, after burning, hanging, and quartering them for several centuries, has now become fairly well accustomed, though it still shoots or hangs them now and then as a matter of habit. But Tolstoy's rebellion did not stop at Church and State. He rebelled against all the ordinary proposals and ideals of rebels themselves, and to him there was not very much to choose between the Socialism of Marxists and the despotism of Tsars. Liberals, Radicals, Social Democrats, Social Revolutionists, and all the rest of the reforming or rebellious parties—what were they doing but struggling to re-establish external laws, external governments, officials, and authorities under different forms and different names? In the Liberal movements of the day he took no part, and he had little influence upon the course of revolution. He formed no party; no band of rebels followed the orders of the rebel-in-chief; among all the groups of the first Duma there was no Tolstoyan group, nor could there have been any. When we touch government, he would say, we touch the devil, and it is only by admitting compromise or corruption that men seek to maintain or readjust the power of officials over body and soul. "It seems to me," he wrote to the Russian Liberals in 1896:—

"It seems to me now specially important to do what is right quietly and persistently, not only without asking permission from Government, but consciously avoiding participation in it. . . . What can a Government do with a man who will not publicly lie with uplifted hand, or will not send his children to a school he thinks bad, or will not learn to kill people, or will not take part in idolatry, or in coronations, deputations, and addresses, or who says and writes what he thinks and feels? . . . It is only necessary for all these good, enlightened, and honest people whose strength is now wasted in Revolutionary, Socialistic, or Liberal activity (harmful to themselves and to their cause) to begin to act thus, and a nucleus of honest, enlightened, and moral people would form around them, united in the same thoughts and the same feelings. Public opinion—the only power which subdues Governments—would become evident, demanding freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, justice, and humanity."

From a distance, the bustling politicians and reformers of happier lands might regard this quietism or wise passiveness as a mere counsel of despair, suitable enough as a shelter in the storm of Russia's tyranny, but having little significance for Western men of affairs. Yet even so they had not silenced the voice of this persistent rebel; for he rose in equal rebellion against the ideals, methods, and standards of European cities. Wealth, commerce, industrial development, inventions, luxuries, and all the complexity of civilisation were of no more account to him than the toys of kings. Other rebels had preached the gospel of pleasure to the poor, and had themselves acted on their precepts. Other reformers, even religious reformers, had extolled the delights of women, wine, and song. But here was a man despising these as the things after which the Gentiles seek. Love intrigues, banquets, wealthy establishments, operas, theatres, poetry, and fashionable novels—what had they to do with the kingdom of God that is within? He touched nothing from which he did not strip the adornment. He left life bare and stern as the starry firmament, and he felt awe at nothing, not even at the starry firmament, but only at the sense of right and wrong in man. He did not summon the poor to rise against "the idle rich," but he summoned the idle rich, the well-to-do, the gentry of independent means, the comfortable annuitants, the sportsmen, the writers and dramatists of pleasure, the artists of triviality, the pretty rhymers, and the people who are too busy for thought, to rise against themselves. It was a much harder summons to obey, and generally they answered with a shrug and a mutter of "madness," "mere asceticism," or "a fanatic's intolerance."

Yet they could not choose but hear. Mr. Kipling, in agreement with an earlier prophet, once identified re-

billion with the sin of witchcraft, and about Tolstoy there was certainly a witching power, a magic or dæmonic attraction, that gave the hearer no peace. Perhaps more even than from his imaginative strength, it arose from his whole-hearted sincerity, always looking reality straight in the face, always refusing compromise, never hesitating to follow where reason led. Compromise and temporise and choose the line of least resistance, as we habitually do, there still remains in most people a fibre that vibrates to that iron sincerity. And so it was that, from the first, Tolstoy brought with him a disturbing and incalculable magic—an upheaving force, like leaven stirring in a lump, or like a sword in unconditioned and unchartered peace. Critics have divided his life into artistic and prophetic hemispheres; they have accused him of giving up for man what was meant for artistic circles. But the seas of both hemispheres are the same, and there was no division in Tolstoy's main purpose or outlook upon life from first to last. In his greatest imaginative work (and to the present writer it appears the highest achievement that the human imagination has yet accomplished in prose)—in the struggles and perplexities and final solutions of Petroff, Nekhludoff, and Levin; in the miserable isolation of Ivan Ilyitch; in the resurrection of the prostitute Maslova; and in the hardly endurable tragedy of Anna Karénina herself, there runs exactly the same deep undercurrent of thought and exactly the same solution of life's question as in the briefer and more definite statements of the essays and letters. The greatest men are generally all of a piece, and of no one is this more true than of Tolstoy. Take him where you please, it is strange if after a few lines you are not able to say, "That is the finger of Tolstoy." There is the widely sympathetic and compassionate heart, so loving mankind that in all his works he has drawn hardly one human soul altogether detested or contemptible. But at the same time there is the man whose breath is sincerity, and to whom no compromise is possible, and no mediocrity golden.

To the philosophers of the world his own solution may appear a simple issue, indeed, out of all his questioning, struggles, and rebellions. It was but a return to well-worn commandments. "Do not be angry, do not lust, do not swear obedience to external authority, do not resist evil, but love your enemies"—these commands have a familiar, an almost patriarchal, sound. Yet in obedience to such simple orders the chief of rebels found man's only happiness, and whether we call it obedience to the voice of the soul or the voice of God, he would not have minded much. "He lives for his soul; he does not forget God," said one peasant of another in Levin's hearing; and Tolstoy takes those quiet words as Levin's revelation in the way of peace. For him the soul, though finding its highest joy of art and pleasure only in noble communion with other souls, stood always lonely and isolated, bare to the presence of God. The only obedience possible, and the only possible hope of peace, lay in obedience to the self thus isolated and bare. "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments!" cried the ancient poet, uttering the voice that speaks to the soul in loneliness; "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river."

#### IDEAS.

ONE may divide broadly all men into two classes, those who have ideas and those who have none and, indeed, hardly understand what the word means. This is not necessarily to divide men into the "brainy" and the "brainless," for the latter kind often includes men who have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life by force of intellect and character, as, for example, among distinguished scholars, schoolmasters, scientists, and even men of letters; but one can still divide them into the two classes, although as one ascends the scale of success it becomes less easy to distinguish or classify, because there is probably no success without something of this quality of imagination or "idea" described, and ultimately it may be the most essential difference between commonplace sagacity and the quality of success and

genius. It has been asked a thousand times why the boys and youths who at school and university carry off all the prizes rarely seem to be heard of afterwards, and the answer is this, that in life success depends upon ideas rather than examinations. The qualifications which make for distinction at school do not necessarily qualify for success in the school of life and experience, for here, instead of examinational or competitive tests, is substituted the test of ideas.

Have you an Idea?—this is the question now, and it may be safely said that where there is an idea there is no competition, because, in spite of the many thousands of ideas which are being coined and circulated, they never, or very rarely, coincide, because they move in different orbits—just as no two stars, in spite of their myriads, have ever been known to collide. Have you an Idea?—if you have, and if it is a genuine one, there is hardly any danger that you will ever be anticipated in it, and this is the criterion, perhaps, of its quality. If you are anticipated in it, or it is shared by another, it is only of the second, third, or fourth rate quality. This may be understood by a reference to art. Darwin and Wallace hit upon the idea of evolution together and, perhaps, a score of similar coincidences could be cited in science, but did two poets ever write the same poem or two artists paint the same picture? It is often said that it is impossible to succeed in anything nowadays because there is so much competition. One may reply to this that, on the contrary, in most essential success there is no competition. The person who possesses ideas steps right out into a state or condition in which competition is impossible. Competition is fatal to the best success, for here the problem is to escape it.

The same principle applies alike to art or literature or commerce. Success is not here to the fleet or to the strong, as in a foot race, but to the men who have ideas. Competition arises only from a lack of imagination and ideas; it arises from stupid and superfluous imitation. It is curious to reflect that while men are striving together and against one another to exist, fortunes are lying waiting for the simple idea which shall discover them, like those treasures of gold and mineral or precious stones which still lie undiscovered in the earth, or those unclaimed fortunes waiting for a claimant held in Chancery. If a man could only discover one of these ideas, he might in a few years become a millionaire or an artist. Let us only think for a moment of those ideas which have made fortunes or great works of art (which, understood well, are generally the expression of a single idea), and we shall be astonished at their simplicity, and wonder why they did not occur to ourselves, and where they derive their significance and potency. Nay, very often the idea, we shall find, did occur to us, but it did not also occur to us that it was an idea—which makes all the difference. For an idea is not an idea until it is perceived as an idea, and is expressed in action. This is best realised, perhaps, and is most frequently experienced in reading.

"In every work of genius," Emerson declares, "we recognise our own rejected thoughts; they come back with a certain alienated majesty. . . . A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought because it is his. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson than this."

This is one of the curious things in the psychology of ideas. Whether they have ever actually presented themselves to our own consciousness or not we invariably feel familiar with them as if they had done so, and we almost always feel that they might have been ours. Even the artist, it may be supposed, whose business it is to discover and register ideas, not infrequently fails to recognise his opportunity the first time it occurs to him, and the idea which he at last brings into his intellectual nets he often remembers as one which has escaped him on several or many previous occasions.

But what is an idea? One may perhaps best define it, as Aristotle defines art, as the reason of the thing without the matter. It is that which exists in thought rather than in matter; and in the case of the writer of books or the artist it may be described as that which

he sees more or less clearly in "idea," or noumenally, before he touches pen or pencil to paper. Nearly all ideas which have proved the happiest and most permanent first appeared, one suspects, to the artist as a sudden perception or "idea." It occurs to him, as Dr. Holmes says the "Autocrat" did to him, with the force of an explosion. It was an idea, a happy thought, a discovery, the very thing for which he had been looking. And probably all forceful ideas occur in this manner, and may be almost dated. When did the idea of Don Quixote occur to Cervantes, on what day, at what hour, and what moment? In such a moment the artist foresees the laughter and delight of the world, and tastes immortality. So, too, it must have been with "Tristram Shandy" and "Gulliver's Travels," and scores of works which have become the world's classics. And how strange to reflect that such ideas, even to the born artist and man of genius, seem only accidental! Many great writers have been already much past their prime before the idea occurred to them which resulted in the work that gave them immortality; the idea was the string which tied all their wit and wisdom together and gave their life its meaning. They would have been just as witty and just as wise without their magnum opus, but the world without it would scarcely have known them. There is no pleasure to equal that of the artist in discovering in himself an idea; by it he at last justifies himself and accomplishes the purpose for which it seems to him he has lived; and without it, whatever his success in the eye of the world, all his life is bound in miseries and shallows. He misses perfect happiness.

Every work of art, it has been said in this paper, represents a single idea, and, broadly, this is true, but it requires a word of qualification. It is not to be thought that a work of art contains a single thought excluding every other, but it is true nevertheless that it represents, or should express, in the main, a single idea. In the process of composition other ideas may occur to the artist, but if he is true to his purpose these will all be subordinated to or merely supplement his leading idea. In fact all these subsidiary ideas may be considered as necessary to the original idea, and assisting to complete its expression; they are, in a manner, its children. Very often one may mark with a pencil the chapter, paragraph, or even sentence which is nearest to the centre of the idea, but, on the other hand, it sometimes does not seem to have any location within the composition, and its *raison d'être* lies somewhere beyond it, just as in mechanics a centre of gravity of a body often falls at a point in space and not within the matter of which it is composed. And yet in a perfect work of art there is not a single word which may be deemed superfluous to its perfect and complete expression. "Ideas cannot," as Blake has said, "be given but in their minutely appropriate words, nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution."

But it is not only in art or literature that ideas are necessary; without them there is no success or real development in any direction. They are as necessary in scientific investigation or success in business as in literature. And ideas are not to be discovered by any process of the unaided intellect or powers of ratiocination; they arise only in the imagination. No amount of arrangement and no number of permutations will produce them; they must exist in the mind of the artist or man of science to begin with. Tyndall long ago demonstrated the service of imagination to science, and imagination is but another word for ideas. It is by leaps that new discoveries are usually made—by intuitions, divinations, ideas, proved afterwards by experiment—and every new idea, as Tyndall observes, breaks a new Emersonian circle in human knowledge and experience.

#### THE GAMEKEEPER'S MISTAKES.

THE initial and all-embracing mistake is pheasants. But for them, there would be, broadly speaking, not only no mistakes, but no keepers. We should not be lacking in respect to the order of the universe if we said that the pheasant was a mistake, for it is only known in our woods as an exotic. So are the larch, the poplar, the



chestnuts, both edible and horse, and many other trees which nevertheless are a great gain to our landscape, both as conservers of moisture and objects of beauty in themselves. Some of our pleasantest hills are covered with larch, as though it were their own garment—tenderest, brightest green when spring opens, gay with red and yellow tassels, redolent for leagues with the aroma of their pollen, many-spined in summer, honey-colored at the fall of the leaf, and always the better for a few pheasants "bathing" in the felt of old leaves or crowing from among their dry branches. Leave this native of China or Persia alone, and he will become as true a wildling as though he had been introduced by the glacial age, instead of by latter-day human agency, with native jackals for his tempering adversity, instead of, say, imported Siberian foxes. But the keeper's pheasant turns the wood into a crowded poultry-yard, wire-netted against four-footed visitors and barb-wired against unfeathered bipeds.

There remains the upper air. In time we may be able now and then to fly over the woods and coverts and take them, at any rate, from one new point of view. It is not so with any other winged creature, however harmless or even useful in a general way, if it be in the remotest way suspect of being a nuisance to the pheasant. The writer would have thought that he was the only one who had ever seen a nightjar in the "keeper's larder." He finds, however, in Messrs. Owen Jones's and Marcus Woodward's "Gamekeeper's Note Book" (Arnold) the following list of vermin accounted for by a keeper on Glengarry, Inverness-shire, about fifty years ago:—

"Eleven foxes, 198 wild cats, 246 martens, 106 polecats, 301 stoats and weasels, 67 badgers, 48 otters, 78 house cats going wild, 27 white-tailed sea eagles, 15 golden eagles, 18 ospreys, 98 peregrine falcons, 7 orange-legged falcons, 211 hobby hawks, 75 kites, 5 marsh harriers, 63 goshawks, 285 common buzzards, 371 rough-legged buzzards, 3 honey buzzards, 462 kestrels, 78 merlins, 83 hen harriers, 6 gerfalcons, 9 ash-colored or long blue-tailed hawks, 1,431 carrion crows, 473 ravens, 35 horned owls, 71 common fern owls (night-jars), 3 golden owls, 8 magpies. A total of nearly 1,500 head a year, or about five head a day."

Lists of to-day, and especially in pheasant country instead of grouse moors, are poorer in individuals and—thanks to the exterminative efforts of bygone game-keepers—in species, than of old. We do not doubt, however, that the poor nightjar, if only because one of its common names makes it a hawk and another an owl, is frequently numbered among the keeper's victims. If, as has been asserted, the nightingale is sometimes killed because its singing upsets the pheasants, the nightjar is very likely to have its razor-grinding stopped for the same reason. More likely it is shot for its faint resemblance to a hawk. The cuckoo perishes for the same reason, and we have actually seen it hung up side by side with stoats, jays, and owls on the keeper's tree. When such palpably innocent victims are sacrificed, it becomes evident that the keeper's whole list of criminals must be closely scrutinized.

The authors of the "Note Book" enter a strong defence for the sparrow-hawk, a bird which very few keepers indeed are enlightened enough to spare. They are of opinion that it is only the occasional sparrow-hawk that takes game, and they urge the undoubted fact that these birds do far more good to the farmer than harm to the game preserver. As an instance given in the book shows, the keeper shoots this useful bird even while it is in the act of preying on the birds infesting the farmer's grain. A recent Act of Parliament gives the farmer a right to compensation for crops destroyed by a neighbor's pheasants. It seems that, in justice, he ought to be compensated for the destruction of his hawks. In other words, a great deal of the destruction of corn by sparrows and finches is due to the ill-directed efforts of the guardians of game.

The rat and the vole are other plagues that are augmented by the destruction of their proper tyrants. The kestrel, though it is a falcon as the sparrow-hawk is not, is commonly spared. It takes a few voles, but not nearly so many as any one of the owls which the majority of keepers still shoot at sight. Our friend, who prides himself on nothing so much as his detective

work, should find the castings of some owl before he shoots it, gently dissolve them in warm water, and see what bones are there. He will find the skulls of rat and vole over and over again. A bird-bone will occur now and then, but it will almost always belong to black-bird or sparrow, and, as far as game-bones count, there will not be enough evidence in the castings of a twelve-month to hang a mouse. It is on far flimsier evidence that barn owl and tawny owl are shot. When poultry food is flung down in the wood, it is not long before rats and mice discover it, nor long again till the owls discover the rats and mice. In the silence of twilight the soft-feathered Nemesis comes down among the coops, and the silence and the beneficent work of nature are shattered by the bang of an absurdly jealous gun. The owl hangs on the keeper's tree, and the rats, not only in the wood, but in the field, rejoice. The keeper cannot cope with even his own rats. They are the cunningest animals he has to do with. He tries to raise the country against them, saying in this "Note Book" that, "If there were only one rat to every acre in England and Wales, and if each rat did damage only to the extent of one farthing a day, the loss in the year would be £15,000,000."

We admit that an occasional tawny owl turns criminal in the matter of young pheasants. When that happens, let him be shot. It is true that science tells us that animals of prey improve the stamina of a race by taking off the unfit, but the keeper relies on his October guns to do that, and he must have his chicks in thousands for nature's hundreds. So let the weasel be slain when found in *flagrante delicto*. It can be taken with ease at any time, and, until it is taken, it is helping the keeper in his difficult struggle against the rat. But, when the wood is invaded by the ideal of the poultry pen, no wild creature is welcome, and few of them are tolerable. We wonder that the yaffle is not shot because it eats ant cocoons, or the tit because it eats caterpillars. The weight of a straw would send the balance down against them. The jay would appear to be innocuous, if not useful. It spends most of its time in robbing the nests of small birds, and it is a most excellent watch-dog, spoiling the approach of the poacher, and guiding the keeper to the whereabouts of many a cat, stoat, or fox. Some say that its fine plumage is its undoing, and that, if some village beauty did not want its blue wing in her hat, the jay would escape. That blue wing, perhaps, just destroys the benefit of the doubt, and, for fear it should some day take a pheasant's egg in mistake for a blackbird's, the jay is shot.

After all, the keeper does well the work he is paid to do. His task is the raising of a single crop, beside which all else is weed. The pity is that he should have to tend so unprofitable a crop. Fatal as his mistakes are from a general point of view, it is not easy to show that they are injurious to the one thing with which he is concerned. Many of the mistakes he is blamed for are not his own. We have heard him taken to task by his employer because a kestrel came over the moor on shooting day, just as we have heard a gardener taken to task because there were cinnabar caterpillars in his garden, which only eat groundsel. The world is wrong in expecting the keeper to be an accomplished naturalist. The game covert, indeed, is the last place for the study of natural history. We look for far better results from the forester—when he comes.

## Short Studies.

### MY BOYHOOD SORROW.

If the joy of boyhood is poetry, its sorrow, too, is poetry. If the joy which lodges in the heart of nature could be sung, the sorrow which whispers to the heart of nature, too, would be sung.

Let me tell you one of the sorrows of my boyhood days.



I was brought up at my uncle's between the ages of eight and fifteen; my parents, in those days, lived in Tokyo.

My uncle, being rich in his locality, had plenty of forests and farms, and kept always seven or eight servants, girls and boys.

I am thankful for my parents' kindness in letting me pass my boyhood's days in the country; if I had been in Tokyo with my parents from my eighth year, I would to-day have been quite different. My wisdom would be more advanced, at least, but my heart, I believe, would not be able to receive the poetical fancy clear and fresh, as from a volume of Wordsworth.

I spent my blessed seven years running over the mountains and fields. My uncle's house was at the foot of a hill; in the near surrounding country we had plenty of trees, a river, a spring, and a pond; and there was a bay from the inland sea in the not far distance. What with mountain, field, forests, valley, sea, and river, I did not lack for pleasures.

Well, I remember it was in my twelfth year. A servant, named Tokujiro, invited me to accompany him to an interesting place one night.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Don't ask me. Never mind where it is. It's no uninteresting place where Toku will take you," Tokujiro said half smiling.

This Tokujiro was a fellow of some twenty-five years, a strongly-built youth, an orphan on service to my uncle since his eleventh or twelfth year. He was handsome, with a distinct outline in face, dark in color. He would sing when he was drinking, and would work, too, singing, even when he wasn't drinking; he was an extremely lively fellow. Not only did he look happy, he was so in his heart; he was said to be, and admired as, the best of orphans, not only by my uncle, but also by the people of the place.

"But it is a secret from your uncle and aunt, you understand," he said, and left for the back mountain, singing.

The time was mid-summer; the night clear, with moonlight. I walked after Tokujiro to the rice-field, and came up to the river bank running by the drill, full of the high fragrance of rice-plants. The bank was steep; we could see wide over the field after coming up the bank. Though it was only evening, the moon was already high and clear, its light flooded over fields and hills; the furthestmost field looked misty, as in a dream; the forests appeared as if floating in dense smoke; the dews, set upon the leaf-ends of a river willow, sparkled like pearls. The river reached to the bay immediately, and the flowing tide filled and swelled; the bridge, which was made of joined ship-planks, suddenly sank low; the river willows were half in the water.

The wind blew on the bank, but not on the face of the river, as it raised no ripple; the face of the water was like a looking-glass, mirroring the shadow of the great, clear sky. Tokujiro went down the bank, loosed the rope of a boat which was tied under the bridge, and rode on it lightly; the water, hitherto very quiet, had a sudden billowy stir.

"Bocchama, be quick now;" he made me hasten, and was ready with an oar.

As soon as I rode on the boat, it started to go down to the bay. The river widened as it approached the bay; the moon dipped its clear light in the water; the banks to the right and left grew farther apart; the upper river was hidden behind us already with mist; our boat was in the bay.

It was only our boat that crossed this bay, wide as a lake. Tokujiro was handling the oar, and singing in a small voice, quite different from his usual clear tones. The bay, which might be taken for a swamp at ebb tide, was now so changed with the flood tide and moonlight, that it had no likeness to the mud-smelling bay familiar to my sight. To the south, the mountain shadow was mirrored dark, upside down; the flat field north and east, mightily covered by the moonlight, did not tell where the land and water separated. Our boat advanced, pointing west.

West is the bay entrance, the water narrow and deep; the land close and high; the ships which cast their anchors at this port are small in number, mostly large sailing vessels in Western Sea shape, the cargo being of the salt made on this shore. Besides these are not a few ships which engage in the Korean trade, belonging to the merchants of this place; and also the Japanese boats that ply the inland sea. The houses on both cliffs, some low and some high, look down on the water, leaning on the mountain; their number is some few hundred.

If you gaze from the inner bay, the shiplights, hanging high, seem to be stars; and their low reflection on the water, a gold dragon. The silent mountains floated within the shadow of the moon; the scene looked as if it were a picture.

The voice of this little port was heard gradually as the boat advanced. I cannot tell you in detail how the port appeared that night; but let me tell you what impressed my eyes, and I am able to recollect to-day. As it was a clear moon-night of summer, all the people of the ships were out on deck, and those of the houses out of doors. Every door facing the sea was opened; although the light yielded to the wind, the water-face was as smooth as oil. There was somebody who played the flute, and another sang; and laughter, with the note of the *samisen*, burst out of a tea-house by the water. It was indeed joyful, flowery; and, at the same time, I cannot forget the silent moonlight, the mountain shadows, and the color of the water which wrapped the flowery picture.

We went through under the dark shadow of a sailing boat; Tokujiro pushed the boat to some rather dark stone steps.

"Please step out," Toku urged me. Since he had said "Get in," under the bank, he had kept silence in the boat, and we did not speak at all; I could not understand why he had brought me here. I left the boat as he told me.

After tying the hawser, Tokujiro stepped up the stone steps; he climbed up, walking straight before me; and I followed after him silently. The stone steps were less than three feet wide; on either side was a high wall. The top of the steps entered a courtyard of some house; the wooden fences walled it round; at one corner a *vosuicke* (water bucket for an emergency) was set. Over the fence on one side, the crest of a summer orange tree, thickly grown, was seen. The clear shadow of the moon was stamped on the ground; there was no one in sight. Tokujiro stopped, and listened; and, after a moment or two, he approached the wooden fence at the right, and pushed; there was a little gate, and a black door opened noiselessly. And there was a stairway going right up from the door to an upper storey. When the door opened, footsteps were heard coming down.

"Toku San?" It was a young woman who peeped out.

"You waiting?" Tokujiro said to the woman; and, looking back at me, added: "I brought Bosama."

"Please come up, Bosama; come up, quick; it would be bad to be slow;" the woman urged Tokujiro, who then began to climb the steps.

"Bosama, it's awfully dark here," he said, and went up with the woman. I had no choice but to follow them. There were dark, narrow, and abrupt steps.

It was a tea-house. The room into which I was guided by the woman faced the sea; and, if we went out on the balcony, we could see over the bay and the near-by rice fields, and even as far as the inland sea. It was a room of six mats, which were pretty old, and it was not a lovely room by any means.

"Bosama, come over here and sit," the woman said, offering a cushion by the balcony; and, a moment later, a dish with summer oranges and other fruits was placed before me. And a bottle of *sake* and cooked fishes were already prepared, when she slid open the *shoji* of the next room. The woman and Tokujiro sat face to face.

Tokujiro looked unusually grim; but he drank from the cup which she filled.

"When do you start?" he asked her, with a fixed face. The woman might have been nineteen or twenty years old; she was so pale and powerless, I wondered if she might not be ill.

"To-morrow, the day after to-morrow, and the next day after that," she counted on her fingers, and said: "I fixed the date for the third day from to-day; but, somehow, I have grown uncertain about my starting." And she dropped her face; and I noticed that she wiped her eyes with her sleeve. Tokujiro was drinking *saké* of his own helping.

"You cannot change your mind now, I fancy."

"No,—I wonder whether it would not be better for me to die, when I come to think of it, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha, Bosama, what will you do with this woman who wishes to die—say, here I brought Bosama, as I promised you, why don't you see him?"

"I have been looking at him for some time now. I am wondering whether he could look like him," the woman said, and turned her face to me with a smile.

"Like whom?" I asked her, as I felt strange.

"Like my younger brother! It would be too much, of course, to say that you look like him. But you look at this picture," she said, bringing out a photograph from under her *obi*.

"Bosama, I told her that you looked like her *ototo* when she showed his picture the other day; and she begged me to bring you here. So you are here with me. She must treat you handsomely, to be sure," Tokujiro said, drinking *saké* without stopping.

The woman came close to me, and said: "Anything you wish, Bosama! Anything you say," she smiled.

"I don't want anything," I said, and looked aside.

"Well, shall we ride on a boat? Let us get in the boat. That will be better," she said, and rose instantly, beckoning me; and I could not help following her. I went down the steps after her. Tokujiro was smiling.

When we were down, she let me get in the boat first; and she untied the hawser as soon as she was in the boat, and began to handle the oar lightly. My boy's mind rather wondered at her audacity.

We were separated from the shore, and looked up. There Tokujiro was watching us from the balcony; he was seen clearly as he was under the lamp-light from within, and the moon's from without.

"You must be careful," he said, from above.

"Don't worry," the woman answered from below.

"Wait for us; we shall soon come back."

Our boat, which passed sawing the space between six or seven large and small ships, was presently out in the wide water. The moon grew more clear, as if it were an autumn moon. The woman stopped her hands, and sat by my side. She looked at the moon now, and then round about herself, and asked me: "Bosama, how old are you?"

"Twelve."

"My younger brother's picture, also, was taken when he was at that age. He must now be sixteen—but as I parted from him in his twelfth year, I feel as if he were still twelve," she said, and, after gazing at me for a few moments, began to cry. Her face, bathed in the moonlight, appeared extraordinarily pale.

"He died?"

"No, I am sure it would be better if he had died, and I might stop thinking of him; but I parted from him living, and I do not know what has become of him. We were orphans, as we lost our parents in childhood, and we thought we would help each other; and to-day I do not know even his whereabouts. And—I am going to be taken to Korea in a few days; and I don't know whether I shall see him again in this life or not." She had not courage even to wipe her tears, which dropped down her cheeks, and she cried, gazing upon my face.

I listened to her, while looking toward the shore, without mind. The reflection of lamplights from the houses wavered. A man from a big boat, who pushed his oar slowly, sent his clear song down the water. Though I was a little boy, my heart was filled with an unspeakable, strange sorrow.

We saw somebody who approached us with a flying boat. It was Tokujiro.

"I brought a bottle of *saké*," he said, from ten or twenty feet away.

"That's fine. I have been crying and talking about my *ototo*," she said, when Tokujiro's boat was at our side.

"Ha, ha, ha! I thought it would be that, so I brought *saké*. Now, you drink; I will sing." Tokujiro was slightly drunk already. The woman drank at a draught the large cup which he handed over.

"One more cup," he said, and gave her another large cup, which she drained. And she breathed her *saké*-smelling breath toward the moon.

"Now I will sing for you."

"No, Toku San, do not sing; but I'd like to cry to my heart's content."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, then, you cry, and I and Bosama will listen," Tokujiro said, looking at me, and laughed.

The woman fell down crying, but as she smothered her voice, I noticed that her back heaved with pain. Tokujiro fixed his sudden serious face, and soon turned it toward the mountain. After a while I spoke out:

"Toku, let me go home."

"Excuse me, Bosama," she said, raising her face immediately, "it is not interesting to see a crying woman. Bosama, I feel as if I had seen my real *ototo* because you came to-night. I hope you will grow big and great—do you hear, Bosama?" A moment later she continued with her tearful voice: "Toku San, it would be bad to be so late. Will you go back with Bosama? My sad heart became lighter as I cried."

\* \* \*

The woman saw our boat home, following us for some distance; but she was compelled to turn her boat when Tokujiro scolded her. Then our two boats became wider and wider apart. When they were about parting, the woman looked at me with tears, and repeated:

"Bosama, you mustn't forget about me."

It is now seventeen years ago, but my mind was strongly impressed with the things of that night, and I cannot forget them. Even now the most sad face of the woman is still clear before my eyes. And the sorrow which wrapped my little heart as with a thin haze on that night is growing denser with the advancing years; and I feel it quite unbearable whenever I happen to think of it. I feel, indeed, some deep, quiet, intolerable sorrow.

Tokujiro, afterwards, became a well-to-do farmer, under my uncle's patronage; and to-day he is the father of two children.

What happened to the woman of that house who was taken to Korea? She must be leading a wandering life, perhaps wandering like a wisp of floating grass!

Or did she die, and travel into the land of rest? I do not know, of course. Nor Tokujiro, either.

YONE NOGUCHI.

## The Drama.

### A COMEDY AND A NOVELETTE.

"JUST TO GET MARRIED," Miss Cicely Hamilton's comedy at the Little Theatre, might, not unfairly, be described as a play in one scene. The first act prepares the scene, the second act contains the scene, the third act cancels the scene. But the scene is so good, and is so superbly acted by Miss Gertrude Kingston, that it ought to secure a great success for the play: the more so as the other scenes, though comparatively insignificant, are never dull.

Curiously enough, Miss Hamilton has made an old story new by dint of simplification—by leaving out everything except the kernel and essence of it. We have all seen, a hundred times, the cold, proud girl driven (or on the point of being driven) by sheer poverty, or by the ambition of scheming relatives, into a marriage her soul abhors. But, hitherto, the dramatist (or novelist) has always thought it necessary to introduce some compli-

cation into the theme. When Ethel Newcombe (to cite the classic instance) jilted the Marquis of Farintosh, we cannot doubt that the thought of Cousin Clive lurked in the background of her mind. In other cases, the action has been made to turn on the re-appearance, after the hated marriage, of some early lover of the lady's. Sometimes, as in "*Le Maître de Forges*," the vices of the lover have served as a foil to the virtues of the husband, and thus led up to a happy ending. Sometimes, as in "*L'Etrangère*," the lover has appeared in the guise of a hero of romance, to rescue the heroine from a miserable and degrading servitude. In all cases some outside force has come into play, beyond the sheer distaste of the lady for the marriage proposed to her. But, in Miss Hamilton's play, there is no extrinsic element whatever. Georgina Vicary has her Lady Kew, indeed, in her aunt, Lady Catherine Grayle; but there is no Cousin Clive in the case, no "Dook de Bleeney," no early lover whatsoever, whether vicious or virtuous. The problem is reduced, so to speak, to its bare bones.

A woman verging upon thirty, with no money, and no capacity for earning money, is induced to seek a way out of her dependent condition by accepting a rich man, a quite suitable match in years and manners, to whom she has no objection beyond the fact that she finds him rather stupid, and does not in the least reciprocate the warmth of his attachment. This is the situation set forth in the first act. In the second act, Georgina is so touched by the devotion and simple trust of her Adam, and, at the same time, so repelled by his caresses, that she recoils from the baseness of her hypocrisy, and breaks off the match. It is this culminating scene, written with extraordinary strength and suppleness, and acted, by Miss Gertrude Kingston, with incomparable sincerity of emotion and variety of resource, that ought to make the fortune of the play. In the third act, she is again so touched by the manly and generous way in which he takes the blow she has dealt him, that, having thus made a clean breast of things, she feels that she can marry him after all; and, on this seeming anti-climax, brought about with a good deal of humor and skill, the curtain falls. The play, in short, is a pure study in feeling, a comedy in the exact sense of the word. The ending, while natural enough, may fairly be reckoned happy; for the marriage of Georgina and Adam, if not ideal, is likely to be tolerable enough.

The fault of the play is pretty obvious—namely, that Miss Hamilton, in her laudable desire for simplicity, has simplified the character of the man, Adam Lankester, almost out of existence. The best thing about him is his Christian name. It is very happily chosen; for, without being grotesque, it has just that flavor of the ludicrous which a woman like Georgina would find it hard to get over. In the eyes of love it might seem beautiful; but initial distaste would certainly shy at it. Beyond his name, however, Miss Hamilton has imparted no touch of color to her hero's character. Though he is certainly shy, his manners are good; and he is chivalrous, unselfish, generous, forbearing, just as every well-regulated hero ought to be. There is nothing, indeed, to prevent the heroine from falling in love with him from the very first, except the fact that her relations wish her to—and that, if she did, there would be no play. It is part of the authoress's design, no doubt, to show that the real barrier between them is precisely the lady's sense that it is so terribly necessary for her "just to get married." This prevents her from letting her emotions take their natural course; and as soon as she has saved her self-respect by confessing her sordid motives, she finds that they are no longer sordid, and that she really likes him very much. In this there is a good deal of subtlety and truth; yet the play would doubtless be dramatically stronger if either Adam's character or his manners placed some real obstacle between them, and made the happy ending less conspicuously foreseen. It would be a thousand pities if this very excusable weakness, which has even an element of strength in it, were to militate against the success of the play. Miss Kingston's brilliant performance ought easily to compensate for any lack of commonplace dramatic tension; and she is very ably seconded by Miss

Rosina Filippi, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and Mr. Thomas Sidney.

In describing his new play at the St. James's as "a novelette in three chapters," Mr. R. C. Carton may, no doubt, be understood to confess that it is not to be regarded over-seriously. It is a cock-and-bull story, devised simply for our entertainment, with no ulterior purpose or ambition. Now, I confess to a great partiality for plays of this class, when they are lightly and wittily handled. In wit Mr. Carton is never to seek, and "Eccentric Lord Comberdene" abounds in bright and telling lines. But in lightness of handling, I think the play leaves something to be desired. There is an inordinate amount of scaffolding, out of all proportion to the resultant structure. The first act is devoted to laying several converging trains, which it is extremely difficult to keep clear in one's mind. A gang of robbers and H.M. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs are engaged at one and the same time in trying to smuggle something out of the country. The robbers want to get rid of a box of jewellery, the statesman of a Russian princess (of curiously undefined social status) and a box of despatches. Both parties arrange that the precious box is to be handed over by one of their agents, at a seaside hotel, to an unknown lady, without any reasonable preliminaries of identification; and, of course, the box of jewellery is delivered to the lady who ought to have had the box of despatches, and who happens to be the very lady from whom the jewellery was stolen! I shall not attempt to plunge any further into the labyrinths of the plot, or to explain the part played by the "eponymous hero," the Eccentric Lord Comberdene. Of course the thing is pure nonsense; but that is no criticism—it is intended to be pure nonsense. Of course the long arm of coincidence is incessantly playing the most whimsical pranks; but that is no criticism—it is part of the fun. My criticism is that the nonsense is rather labored, over-complicated, mechanical nonsense, and that the whole apparatus of coincidences produces no effect at all commensurate with the strain upon our credulity. If we have to make-believe so persistently and heroically, we look for a somewhat larger reward than Mr. Carton has, in this case, to give us. That was how it struck me, and I am bound, in candor, to say so; but I am equally bound to say that the audience did not share my vague discontent, but appeared to feel that Mr. Carton had amply fulfilled his part of the bargain. Mr. George Alexander strikes out something of a new line in the part of Lord Comberdene, which he plays with all due lightness and irresponsibility. Miss Compton is as incisive and witty as ever in the part of a somewhat less cynical peeress than usual. The other actors make the most of scanty opportunities.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Music.

### ELGAR'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.

ENGLISH music really ought to be grateful to Elgar, for he has given it distinction in three of the greatest forms that music knows, and in each case endowed the old form with a new potency. With "*The Dream of Gerontius*" he made a new thing of the oratorio; with the fine work first produced a couple of years ago he gave fresh life to the symphony; and now the violin concerto performed at the Philharmonic Concert of last Thursday fortnight has shown that there is still vitality left in the concerto form if only the right men can be found to handle it. In welcoming the new work warmly, one need not lay too much store by the extraordinary enthusiasm with which it was greeted at its first performance. That was very gratifying, of course, coming from an audience so representative of all that is finest and most solid in English musical life; but enthusiasm on occasions of this kind can be kindled by a number of things apart from the value of the music itself, and the verdict of first-night audiences has not always been upheld by the cooler and remoter court of time. So—although in this case one is glad to think the audience



was right—it is as well not to let the enthusiasm weigh much with us in estimating the work itself. A surer basis to go upon is the score, which we have all, by now, had ample opportunities for studying. In some of us it has created an admiration that is hardly likely to be watered down later on. I would even go so far as to say that, if the concerto could please so thoroughly in the performance of Thursday fortnight, it will give even more delight under happier circumstances. I cannot agree with the bulk of my colleagues that the performance was a fine one, or that Mr. Kreisler played particularly well. Elgar's tempo at the beginning of the first movement was decidedly slower than his own marking of it in the score, and for some time the movement had an unexpected heaviness in consequence. Mr. Kreisler, though he polished off all the technical difficulties in masterly style, was, I thought, mostly dull and uncertain in tone, and rather dry in emotion. No doubt the responsibility of the occasion had unnerved him a little, and he will make amends later; for one can see that it is emphatically *his* concerto in more senses than that it is dedicated to him—he is the only living violinist who combines all the necessary intellectual and emotional qualities with the technical power that the work demands. As performances improve then, as they are bound to do, there is every reason to believe that the concerto will always make the same profound impression as the symphony does.

How has Elgar managed to do all this—to vivify three forms that most people had come to look upon as moribund? To find the answer is to hit upon the explanation of his unique place in the history of modern English music. Before he came we had any number of clever or respectable practitioners, each of whom has done occasional good work, but not one of whom could either do continuously good work or really stir the imagination of the public. There is hardly a single orchestral work of the older school that musicians nurtured on the greatest music of the world desire to hear again now; there is hardly an oratorio of theirs that is ever given now except as a matter of piety or a matter of policy—certainly not because the public clamors for it. Yet Elgar's "Variations" are as fresh as the day they were written, and "Gerontius" widens the circle of its appeal each year. And the reason for it all is simply the humanity that speaks through them. Human feeling so nervous and subtle as this had never before spoken in English orchestral or choral music. That this was the secret of Elgar's hold upon the public was shown later in two ways—negatively by the modified success of the two later oratorios, in which people felt at times that the broader human feeling had been narrowed down to merely theological feeling, and positively by the glad leap the musical public gave towards the symphony, in which it heard Elgar again speaking eloquently to it of matters that concern the emotional life of each one of us *quâ* human being, not *quâ* priest or churchwarden. The strong appeal of the concerto is of the same kind. None of the older men, with all their musical learning, ever had so much that was vital to say to us, and till the man came who *had* it to say, the English musical public could not be got to believe seriously in the possibilities of English music. Elgar has rescued it from the reproach of insularity; it plays now on the world-stage.

Nothing is more surprising in connection with the symphony and the concerto than the change from the comparatively loose construction of the earlier overtures to the close and logical weaving of the later works. Here and there, no doubt, the threads work loose for a moment; but in what long symphonic movement do they not? On the whole, the web of both Elgar's symphony and his concerto is remarkably compact. His development in this respect is a proof that technique of the higher kind always makes itself, in obedience to the pressure and the white heat of great ideas; which brings us back to our original thesis, that it is the ideas in the concerto that give it vitality. No one can listen to it or read it without feeling that the music has all been really lived, and that it is only the accident of a particular form, depriving them of words, that hinders these accents from speaking as definitely to us as anything in "Gerontius." I had occasion to-day to read through

the score of Max Bruch's third violin concerto. It is a most musicianly and likable work; but with the memory of the new concerto still alive in me, how abstract the other seemed, how remote from the real life of the soul! And here I venture to address a gentle remonstrance to Elgar. We all feel that while ostensibly writing in the forms of absolute music he works upon a more or less defined "poetical" basis—let us call it that for convenience's sake. Every new hearing of the symphony confirms this view. Now why cannot a composer have the courage of his own emotions, and tell us as frankly what kind of man or what aspect of life he was thinking of when he wrote his music as he would, *ipso facto*, if he had set it to a song or a drama? We do not want a formal programme, but it *would* help us to stand face to face with the music as the author of it has done, and see it as he has seen it. Composers have really been frightened into their present reticence about the emotional origins of their instrumental music by a set of bullying aestheticians who had never thought the matter out in all its bearings. The composers have had it so dinned into them that music sullies itself by consorting with anything "outside its own sphere," as the foolish and impudent phrase runs, that they no more dare to confess the association than if it were a scandalous *liaison* in their private lives. No one can read Professor Niecks's large and vastly interesting book on programme music without feeling that tens of thousands of pieces of "abstract" music have a poetic basis of some sort, though the poor composers were too scared of the aestheticians to admit it. Now that modern research has proved that Bach almost invariably had all kinds of things in his mind besides the notes when he was composing—that he was, in fact, an ardent poet and a drastic painter to the smallest musical cell of his brain—the old self-confident but superficial aesthetic of the Hanslick-Helmholtz school has received its deathblow. And as no composer need be ashamed to follow where Bach has led, we may hope that they will all soon have the courage to show us a little more of the true working of their minds. It will be good for them, for us, and for aesthetics.

On another point the new concerto stimulates reflection. While the opening movement is the most firmly woven of the three, as admirable in the coherence of its changing moods as in the quality of the moods themselves, and the Andante is a dream of tranquil loveliness, the Finale is remarkable for its long accompanied cadenza. It is a passage that makes one realise that music is on the verge of new achievements, and wish that some one would boldly explore this almost undiscovered country. Busoni touched upon this very point in an interesting *brochure* published about three years ago, entitled "Entwurf einer neuen Aesthetik der Tonkunst." His thesis was that though music has hitherto, for safety's sake, needed to keep to fairly regular patterns, it must, in the future, fling its lines further, extend its notion of design, and give freer play to fantasy. Concerned as it is mainly with the inner life, it ought to be able to find forms of expression so pliant and unfettered that they can follow the most elusive windings of the imagination. The secret of the wonderful impressiveness of Elgar's cadenza is that it takes us so unconstrainedly, and yet so surely, through some of these unfooted emotional tracks. Why should it not be possible to construct a fairly large work on the same principle, writing music that should have all the freedom of inspired improvisation and all the logic of strictly consequent emotion? Bach's prophetic genius came very near it in some of his marvellous organ fantasias. Debussy sometimes aims at it, but with all its originality Debussy's is not a first-rate mind. It drifts into mannerism and self-repetition because there is not a sufficient fund of deep and varied human feeling beneath it to create ever new expressions. But the thing, one is sure, can be done, and it has infinite possibilities in it. If only for the cadenza, one would be grateful to Elgar for his concerto; but we may hope that he sees the wealth of this new vein he has struck, and that he will pursue it further.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to express the hope that Liberal candidates will be careful, in their election addresses and speeches, not to give such an unreserved approval of the Parliament Bill as will commit them to the provision contained in its preamble that "it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords, as it at present exists, a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of the hereditary basis"? This proposition has not yet been approved by the House of Commons, for the Bill has not passed its second reading. I doubt whether it represents the view of the majority of Liberal and Labor members, and I feel certain that it does not represent the view of the majority of their supporters in the country. There is not time at this election to give the question of the advisability of a second elected Chamber the full discussion that it needs, and to attempt such discussion on the platform would obscure the main issue on which the opinion of the nation is to be given.

If, as we may confidently anticipate, Mr. Asquith is returned to power by a working majority, the question of the relations between the two Houses will be settled on the lines of the Veto Resolutions, or on the lines on which the Government was willing to settle it at the Conference, or on some intermediate terms dependent on the size of the majority. If in any of these ways the paramountcy of the Commons is secured, the most pressing work of the Liberal Party will surely be to settle the questions held up by the House of Lords—Education, Temperance, Welsh Disestablishment, Scottish Land, and Irish Self-Government—and to proceed with the social legislation which the majority of the nation, independent of party, is anxious that it should undertake. It would be a great misfortune if it were to divert its time and energy from these urgent tasks to the attempt to create a new Second Chamber.

If, as the result of the election, the powers of the House of Lords are confined to revision and delay, it is not unreasonable to expect that that body will accept its limited functions, and, following on the evolutionary lines which have marked the growth of our Constitution, make such changes in its procedure as will enable it to fulfil them. For the work of revision, for the criticism of administration, and for the initiation of non-party legislation on subjects upon which a certain number of Peers have special knowledge and experience, no elected Chamber is needed.

Most of those who wish to reform the House of Lords wish to do so in order to make it stronger, not for revision, but for conflict with the House of Commons. That is not a result which Liberals wish to bring about. We prize the House of Commons as the body which in the long course of our history has built up, stone by stone, the noble structure of British freedom. We do not want to create another body which shall divide with it the attention and the respect of the nation, or which shall attract to its ranks the men of weight and leisure who ought to serve in the people's House. The history of the relations between the United States Senate and the House of Representatives should be a warning to us. Those who share my views on this matter should, I think, be careful about committing themselves even to the admission of an elective element into the House of Lords. If such an element were once admitted, it would grow, and its growth would weaken the Commons in the same measure as it strengthened the Lords.

Lord Lansdowne, as shrewd and sagacious an opponent as we have ever had, sees this clearly enough. Speaking on Thursday, on Lord Rosebery's resolutions, he said:—

"I have always thought that heredity and election were not very good bedfellows, and if this change"—the introduction of elected members—"is made, I have an idea that those who come after us may see that one of the partners gets rid of the other, and I do not think that the hereditary element is likely to be the predominant partner if that should occur."

I believe this forecast is entirely right. And, if it is, can we believe that a Second Chamber solely based on elec-

tion could fail to weaken the authority, and ultimately to undermine the powers, of the House of Commons?

Let those Progressives who are elected to that House go there with a determination, not only to secure its pre-dominance in the issues before the present generation, but to be no parties to anything which may, in another generation, dethrone it from the position which it now occupies as the centre of political interest, and the chief seat of legislative power.—Yours, &c.,

E. RICHARD CROSS.

National Liberal Club,

November 21st, 1910.

### GUARANTEES AND THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There has been a good deal of natural anxiety of late among Liberals on the subject of "guarantees," and it is possible that some among us are weakened, in face of the enemy, by the fear that this fight may be no more conclusive than the last. May I be allowed to point out that our guarantees, as things now stand, lie in no mere problematical private agreements in whatever terms between the King and the Prime Minister, nor even in any promises or purposes of the Government, but simply in the necessities of the political situation and the sheer inevitableness of our case?

Take, not the best we hope for, and not what we fairly expect, but the worst we have to fear from this election, that the present majority in the Commons on the constitutional question, of something over 100, is materially reduced; what then is to happen? Obviously, the one possible Government in such an event would be the present Government—there must be some Government, and there is no alternative; and, as obviously, the present Government would be a possible Government only on condition of its having power to enforce its constitutional policy, that condition holding not only by the Government's own professions, but by the absolute requirements of its possible supporters. On no other terms could the Government survive in the Commons for a week, even if it could be supposed to wish to survive on other terms.

I think there have been occasions in this long campaign when we Liberals have had some grounds for impatience and disappointment with the Government for their slowness in forcing the issue; but as things are now, may we not agree that there has been something both of strength and of good strategy in leading to a situation in which, not a party and not a Government merely, but the whole course and convergence of events, demand a settlement, and in which the only possible settlement is the Liberal one? It is victory, indeed, for Liberalism when its policy becomes inevitable; and for my part, even if I thought that policy as disastrous as I do think it admirable, even if I feared it as keenly as I welcome it, I should be altogether at a loss to see any way out of it—except by a Tory majority, *quod est absurdum*.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN D. SINCLAIR.

Stanley, Perthshire,

November 23rd, 1910.

### THE LITERARY PRACTICE OF SCOTT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A writer in your last issue, in an article entitled "Andrew Balladino," accuses Walter Scott of "literary dishonesty," apparently as a regular habit, and not to be doubted in the Border Minstrelsy. Your writer produces no evidence of this charge, except that Scott denied being the author of "The Antiquary," "for the sheer devilry of the thing."

This is not true. Scott wrote the Waverley Novels anonymously, and denied that he was their author to certain persons, not to all, who asked if he had written them. He did not write anonymously "for the sheer devilry of the thing." Probably his chief reason was that Henry Mackenzie, perhaps the only member of the Scottish Bar who wrote novels before him, kept back his name. Nor did he deny having written, "for the sheer devilry of the thing." He did so, following the literary example of Swift, which was approved by Johnson, the highest literary authority, and no mean moralist. Undoubtedly he did tell certain persons what was not true, and possibly deserves blame; as,



certainly, he did as an author what great authors have approved.

When your writer goes on to assert that Scott would not "hesitate to fabricate the fag-end of a ballad, and ascribe it, if necessary, to the retentive memory of an old lady of ninety," he introduces quite a fresh issue, for which he adduces no evidence. The inference that Scott would have attached his name to a deliberate literary forgery does not follow from the fact that he chose to preserve anonymity in certain of his writings. Your writer quotes no case in point, and he might easily have shown how Scott disapproved of similar conduct in others, e.g., in James Macpherson. Your writer disclaims any "affection for Scott's minstrelsy," and apparently no reader will accuse him of much acquaintance with the "Border Minstrelsy." That book is not a work where the spirit of deception prevails; it was the result of years of labor, and had the object of finding out how far existing tradition contained traces of the events of Scottish history, or still preserved the feelings of an earlier day. Historical reality breathes throughout. The "Historic Ballads" are printed first, as of most importance, and among them "Auld Maitland" comes second, standing between "Sir Patrick Spens," and the "Battle of Otterbourne." There is no evidence that Scott did not believe it to possess the same authenticity as undoubtedly belongs to its companions. That he placed it where it stands, and wrote fifty pages of notes to illustrate the old customs or characters to which it alludes, "with a twinkle," is a supposition which I hope that your writer holds in lonely superiority.

The above reasoning does not affect the authenticity of the ballad. It only affects Scott's honesty, which your writer impugns. Scott may have been deceived; we know that he was deceived in the "Nine Stone Rig"; he was not critical, and Hogg was not the most trustworthy informant. Possibly he lied about "Auld Maitland." I think not, though that is not the point. The point is this: that Scott gave his reasons for believing the authenticity of the ballad, and knew them all the time to be untrue—your writer's assumption—this I believe to be a supposition opposed to Scott's character, as it is certainly opposed to the whole purport and impression of the "Border Minstrelsy."—Yours, &c.,

A. MONTGOMERIE BELL.

7, Rawlinson Road, Oxford,  
November 13th, 1910.

### THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Whether Liberals should join the National Service League is a matter of conscience: that their contribution to the numerical success of the League is scarcely perceptible is a matter of fact. Recent efforts by the League to enlist young Liberals as secretaries betray its consciousness of the necessity of purifying from the taint of too much Toryism a body that professes to have no politics at all.

The reason why Liberals as a rule avoid the League is because the League not only *may* but does co-operate undisguisedly with the Unionist Party. One has only to remember the part played at the last election by the advocates of the programme of the National Service League on the Unionist platform: as, for example, at the East Derbyshire election.

As, however, few people realise how saturated through and through with Toryism the League really is, and how impossible it is to describe or consider the League as non-political, it may be worth while briefly to analyse the present personal composition of its governing body.

Its six vice-presidents, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Meath, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Lord Raglan, and Admiral Noel, probably yield nothing to their president, Lord Roberts, in their antipathy to Liberalism. Lord Milner and Lord Curzon are two of the strongest anti-Commons men in the country; whilst of Lord Raglan it is well worth remembering that he was one of the three military witnesses before the Norfolk Commission, who not only openly advocated Conscription, as distinct from National Service, but also advocated the liability of our conscripts for service abroad. Lord Curzon said at the League's demonstration on July 29th, 1910: "We

are not advocates of conscription. We do not want to take a reluctant soldier from the cottage, as I have seen done in foreign countries, with tears streaming down his face, and compel him to fight the battles of his country in a distant part of the world." Which of these vice-presidents represents the League? As the League has always disclaimed with much heat its advocacy of conscription at all, least of all for foreign service, the striking variance on this fundamental point between the League and one of its most influential directors cannot but cause doubt and suspicion in any Liberal, about the real nature of the League's proposals; especially when he remembers that General French and General Kelly-Kenny expressed themselves precisely as Lord Raglan. Conscription out-and-out, and for foreign service too, seems to be only omitted for the present from the avowed programme of the League.

The Executive Committee consists of fifteen gentlemen in addition to the foregoing. But of these fifteen, including two Unionist M.P.s, two Admirals, two Generals, two Colonels, and one Very Rev. Dean, it may well be doubted whether any but Sir Edward Tennant would make any strong boast of Liberal principles.

The General Council introduces us to fifty-one additional names, many of them of high and deserved distinction. But among their titles to distinction Liberalism hardly finds a place. Imagine a Liberal idea in a body consisting of six members of the Carlton or Junior Carlton Clubs, of six lady members, five Major-Generals, six Colonels, two Admirals, two Bishops, and, not least, the Editor of the "Spectator." In a body so leavened by the Services you might as reasonably look for diversity of political opinion as for diversity of flavor in a row of onions.

But carry the analysis further, to the composition of the provincial branches. As many as forty-two of these branches have a Peer or a Bishop for their president. The Dorsetshire Executive may be taken as fairly typical of the rest. It consists of twenty-nine members, of whom as many as twenty enjoy a military title. It is possible that among the League's 61,000 members a Liberal may lurk here or there. It would be dangerous to assert a negative; but I should look with more hope of success for a needle in a bundle of hay.

Of course, the right of these 61,000 to hold what opinions they please is beyond dispute; what is under dispute is the right of a League so composed as the National Service League to profess its independence of party politics.

So far from the League being non-political, it is, in fact, simply the military wing of the Tory Party. It consists mainly of the same spirits that applauded the Jameson raid, made the Boer war, and lean ever to war and armaments. But almost before all things they are Tariff Reformers and anti-Commons men.

For this banding together of the Services and the Church, and for the entire absence from the League of more than the merest sprinkling of Liberals, there must be some reason other than concern for the safety of the country. For such an object would unite Liberals and Tories alike. Some other object than the professed one must therefore be postulated to account for the absence of Liberals from the membership of the League. That this object is the furtherance of the general Tory programme by means of military influence and pressure is the only theory that fits the facts. National service is not so much desired to fight the Germans as to bring back the democracy once more to the leading-strings of the aristocracy. That is why Liberals do not join the League.

It was a most ingenious thought for the defeat of Liberalism to try to capture the youth of the country by infecting it with the poison of militarism. Once get the young civilian into the barrack atmosphere, once knock the conceit out of him by drill and discipline, once inspire him with dread of the penalties of military law, and in a few years, where there are now only hundreds of Tory electors, there will be thousands. Aristocratic privileges of birth and class need then feel no further fear of advancing democracy; for the democratic wave will have been effectively stayed.

That is the real explanation of the tempestuous military agitation of the last few years, with its pretended fear of a German invasion and its cant about moral and physical improvement. For no other explanation is reconcilable with the almost total abstention of Liberals from that agita-



tion. It is a case of seeing through the glass, not darkly, but clearly. The military cloak too thinly veils the political strategy.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. F.

November 19th, 1910.

### WORKING WOMEN AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Surely there ought to be some objection made to your article headed as above, and to your paragraph on the same subject last week, on the part of those who still hold that the teaching of the Church and the New Testament should be the overruling guide in this matter of divorce. That teaching many of us believe does not allow of divorce at all, and, at any rate, without controversy, it allows of one ground only.

Modern sentiment puts aside all this as not in accord with progressive and humanitarian ideas.

Apart from the uncompromising authority to which I have referred, the growing laxity with regard to the obligations and sanctity of marriage are, evidently in the opinion of many eminent and sober minds, a grave menace to the State.

You, of course, are perfectly entitled to your opinions, though I think the attitude of superiority you assumed last week over the clergy and other distinguished witnesses before the Commission, whose position displeases you, does not on the face of it carry justification.

With all courtesy I sincerely hope you do not represent the large mass of the Liberal Party.

I write as a Liberal Churchman who has read your paper from the beginning. There must be large numbers of Liberal Churchmen and Nonconformists who are strongly opposed to you on this question. I am surprised there has been no letter of protest. I venture therefore to put in this. I have no doubt you will be good enough to insert it.—Yours, &c.,

J. P. BROWN.

2, Houndiscombe Villas, Plymouth,  
November 19th, 1910.

[Our correspondent's views are not, we think, those of all, or perhaps many, Liberal Churchmen. See Dr. Rashdall's evidence before the Divorce Commission, as well as an article signed "A Country Parson" in the current "Contemporary Review."—ED. NATION.]

### A REGISTER OF WOMEN VOTERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Do you remember the curious proof of the Binomial Theorem in Algebra? It is quite valid, but begins by assuming that the theorem is true for the  $n$ th power, and afterwards proves that it must be true, no matter what " $n$ " is.

Let us begin by assuming that some women are to have the vote. What next? Then there must be an election? But that cannot be quite the next thing. First there will have to be a Register, and claims and objections, and a revision.

Now what is there to prevent the preparation of a list of would-be women voters, with the address and qualification of each? To prepare and print such a register would require time, and money, and energy, exactly what the Suffrage societies now command. The preparation of such a list would quicken the political education of the future voters; and the completion of even a few lists for specimen districts would afford useful statistical evidence as to how various possible qualifications for the franchise would work out.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

12, St. Mary's, York,  
November 21st, 1910.

### THE MIDWIVES BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be allowed to express an opinion about Clause 17 of the Midwives Bill, now raising so much opposition. I have had a varied experience in midwifery among the very poor of large towns and country districts, and it seems to me a matter of comparatively small importance whether the medical officers called in, in cases of

necessity, are paid by the Board of Guardians or any other body, for if some other board is appointed to the duty, inquiries must be made as to the real station of the patient or her husband, and it is these inquiries, made by any body, which in many cases will rouse resentment. It is not always the most respectable of the poor who are most bitter towards poor law relief. Those who take its bounties with open greedy hands are often the readiest to hear and enlarge upon its shortcomings. A great improvement might be made in the relief department offices by selecting men of some culture; too often now, relieving officers adopt an unpardonably bullying attitude.

But to those who work in the poorest districts as midwives, I think the present correspondence must seem needlessly futile, whilst daily they are called in to cases of child-birth where no provision has been made, and they are nearly distracted to find the commonest necessities of life for the mother and child.—Yours, &c.,

JESSIE KENNISH.

Chestnut Cottage, Codicote, Herts,  
November 21st, 1910.

### THE COLORED PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few words re negro oppression in U.S. The attitude of Americans towards black men reflects profound discredit upon their intellectual and moral character. In England we little dream of the appalling conditions under which they exist. The following are amongst some of the most glaring examples of negro oppression prevalent to-day in America. In eight States even negroes who own property and have had an University training are denied the ballot, while it is given to the most illiterate white man. Under the present régime, hardly one negro boy in three has an opportunity to learn to read and write. Then, quite half the trade unions refuse to accept them as members, yet it is said, as "scabs," they lower wages. During the last twenty-five years, no less than 3,500 negroes have been lynched by mobs without a trial. Again, they are forced to live in degraded quarters, and to do menial work for a miserable pittance. Moreover, they have to be satisfied with inferior compartments in railway trains, hotels, restaurants, theatres, and so on, compared with those allotted to white people. The law supposing to protect young negro girls is merely a farce. Hence they are subjected to all kinds of insults. Furthermore, even the ordinary titles of "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" are denied people of known negro descent. To eclipse all, they are unwelcome in the Christian church, unless content to sit apart from the white people.—Yours, &c.

HUMANITY.

November 15th, 1910.

### THE CONCILIATION BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your leading article on the Conciliation Bill reveals, if I may most respectfully say so, little knowledge of the true attitude of the progressive section of the Radical Party.

The principle upon which that Bill is founded is property qualification.

I ask you, is that a democratic principle?

True, it is the principle governing the present suffrage of men, but that does not alter its complexion one shade.

Your contention that this Bill would enfranchise in the new electorate over eighty per cent. of working women is astounding.

I have heard this statement before, but I have never discovered the slightest proof of its truth, and I am sure a large number of your readers would be glad to obtain some reliable figures on this point.

The inquiries made go to prove that the working women would be altogether "out of the picture" under this so-called Conciliation Bill.

In spite of the splendid demonstrations in London, organised by the women with consummate skill and liberal expenditure of money, the movement in the Midlands has

not "caught on" to an appreciable extent, either amongst men or women, and I have yet to learn that its progress is greater in the North.

But apart from the question of whether it is making progress or not, the real question remains: Is it Democratic?

To my mind and to many other Radicals it is not, and therefore if it became law it would be a step in the wrong direction.

When the women realise they must be democratic in all their ideals and schemes, then they will have the support of all true Democrats.—Yours, &c.,

JUSTICE.

November 22nd, 1910.

#### LERMONTOFF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me to trouble you with a line in explanation of the metre of my translation of Lermontoff's "Demon" reviewed in your issue of the 12th inst.?

Your reviewer says: "We have only her metre to object to." I would very much like to explain to him that it is Lermontoff's metre, not mine.

When I explain to him that my translation is not only a literal translation, in the *metre* of the original Russian, but that I have also followed Lermontoff line by line throughout the entire poem—and that where Lermontoff has nine syllables, I have nine, and that where he has eight, I also have eight, and that where Lermontoff's lines rhyme on the same word, so do mine—the original Russian rhyming three, and sometimes four, times on the same word only increasing the difficulty—he will realise that I must have encountered many difficulties. My aim and object was to give an accurate translation.

It was in the stress of those circumstances that I occasionally had to have recourse to unaccented syllables for rhyme. I am an Englishwoman. It was not for lack of language; it was because I was so straitened by the limited groove I was working in.

It is needless to add that I could have made a free translation many times over, with much less trouble, and doubtless the lines would have been smoother, but then, it would not have been Lermontoff.

I beg you will excuse me troubling you in this way, but I thought that in the case of a translation I might venture to do so.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) ELLEN RICHTER.

18, Stackpool Road,  
Southville, Bristol,  
November 23rd, 1910.

#### ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND THE NEAR EAST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article in your issue of November 5th places very concisely before your readers the defects in the policy displayed by Great Britain towards the two chief Mahomedan Powers. I hold no brief for Sir Ernest Cassel or his bank, but I would point out that the opposition in Constantinople to the National Bank was due to causes little understood in England.

The article on Anglo-German relations in the "Daily Chronicle," from the pen of Mr. Robert Donald, makes clear what every fair-minded man who has taken the trouble to investigate the question must know—that the campaign against Germany inspired by the "Daily Mail," the "Spectator," and other papers is based either upon ignorance or malevolence. This campaign really began when the "Spectator" and other papers and periodicals opposed the participation of English capital (under the leadership of Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co.) in the splendid enterprise of the Baghdad Railway; I think this occurred in 1902.

It must be perfectly obvious to any student of international politics that the only possible point of conflict between Germany and ourselves lies in Turkey-in-Asia.

Thanks to the "stepmother policy" which you describe, England has put every kind of stumbling-block in the way of Germany in getting on with the Baghdad Railway.

Germany has now the most arduous part of the railway to build, and has the greatest difficulty in placing her bonds, by reason of the secret arrangement made between England and France at the time of the Morocco episode, which results in the French Bourse being closed to her.

An understanding so vital to English and German interests could be arrived at with the greatest ease, if the liberty of co-operation in the Baghdad Railway enterprise were conceded by our Foreign Office.

The Irrigation Scheme, which has for its object the development of that magnificent region which lies between the Tigris and Euphrates, gives England the pivot that is required to substantiate what is a reasonable claim on her part—namely, a preponderating influence from Baghdad south to the Persian Gulf. Whether the basis for an agreement can be found in modifying the present route of the Baghdad Railway, so as to join the French Damascus-Aleppo Railway at the last-named place, or whether the junction should be effected at Baghdad between the Baghdad Railway and the proposed Railway from Damascus, or whether a quite different alternative scheme may be advisable, are points for a round-table conference.

The "stepmother policy" pursued by England in Turkey is only another of the facets in that gem cut by Germanophobe journalists with axes to grind, which is called protection against German ambition, and which is the only cause of our swollen armaments and their attendant miseries. An understanding with Germany in Turkey can only be reached by mutual reason and concession. The first step towards it is to convince the *permanent* staff at the Foreign Office that Germany is not our enemy; the second to educate popular opinion to the point of demanding a conference. The truth of what Mr. Robert Donald says is undeniable: our diplomatic service is honeycombed with hostility towards Germany and her interests, as any man knows who has travelled and inquired for himself. Why is it that, whether a Liberal or a Conservative Government is in power, the policy of our Foreign Office hardly undergoes a change?—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY SCHIFF.

November 10th, 1910.

#### Poetry.

##### AN ARAB SONG.

SAADI, the Poet, stood up, and he put forth his living words;

His songs were the hurtling of spears and his figures the flashing of swords.

With hearts dilated our tribe saw the creature of Saadi's mind;

It was like to the horse of a king, a creature of fire and of wind.

Umimah, my loved one, was by me: without love did my eyes see my fawn,

And if fire there were in her being, for me its splendor was gone.

When the sun storms on the tent it makes waste the fire of the grass:

It was thus with my loved one's beauty—the splendor of song made it pass.

The desert, the march, and the onset—these, and these only, avail:

Hands hard with the handling of spear-shafts, brows white with the press of the mail.

And as for the kisses of women, these are honey, the poet sings,

But the honey of kisses, beloved, it is lime for the spirit's wings.

PADRAIC COLUM.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Chatham: His Early Life and Connections." By Lord Rosebery. (Humphreys. 12s. net.)

"A Roman Diary and other Documents Relating to the Papal Inquiry into English Ordinations, 1896." By T. A. Lacey. (Longmans. 12s. net.)

"Talleyrand, the Man." Translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe. (Herbert & Daniel. 15s. net.)

"The Lady: Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History." By Emily James Putnam. (Putnams. 10s. 6d. net.)

"William Blake." By G. K. Chesterton. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)

"Hogarth." By Edward Garnett. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)

"The Spanish Journey of Elizabeth Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

"The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome." By William Stearns Davis. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Famous Speeches." Selected and edited by Herbert Paul. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A Chateau in Brittany." By Mary J. Atkinson. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Lost Endeavour." By John Masefield. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

"Introduction à la Philosophie de l'Impérialisme." Par Ernest Seillière. (Paris: Alcan. 2fr. 50.)

"Les Origines de la Troisième République (1871-1876)." Par Alphonse Bertrand. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)

"Histoire de la Littérature Suisse." Par Virgile Rossel et Henri Ernest Jenny. Tome Premier. (Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50.)

It is unfortunate that a General Election should be fought on two of the busiest weeks of one of the most congested publishing seasons on record. Publishers and booksellers have raised their voices in lament, but the feeling is growing that things are not likely to be so bad as was feared at first. Most of the books have been issued already, and the two clear weeks before Christmas give buyers time to look round the shops and choose the books they intend to give as presents. This is an important matter, for the habit of making presents of books is a powerful factor in determining the success of an autumn season. People who have a thorough knowledge of trade conditions are beginning to say that the early election will cause less unsettlement than would have been the case if it had been deferred until January and the intervening time spent preparing for the struggle. To begin the New Year with the constitutional difficulty out of the way is, in their view, a decided advantage.

THE publication this week of Lord Rosebery's "Chatham: His Early Life and Connections" reminds one of the large proportion of English Premiers who have been men of letters. During the past half-century ten Premiers have held office—Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith. Only three of these—Palmerston, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith—have not been authors. Lord John Russell, in addition to his books on foreign affairs and on the English Constitution, wrote a novel, "The Nun of Arrouca," a tragedy on Don Carlos, a volume of "Recollections and Suggestions," biographies of Fox and William Russell, and edited the "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Lord Derby translated the "Iliad," and published other works. Disraeli and Gladstone carried on this literary tradition. Lord Salisbury's essays in the "Quarterly Review" have been collected in two volumes, and Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour are still living and writing. If we rule out Lord Salisbury as but an occasional writer, we are left, out of the last ten Premiers, with six who have won distinction as men of letters.

WE are already beginning to hear something of the publishers' plans for next season. One of the most interesting of such announcements is that Messrs. Methuen will issue the edition of Madame du Deffand's "Letters to Horace Walpole" which Mrs. Paget Toynbee had almost finished at the time of her death. It will contain some five hundred unpublished letters of Madame du Deffand, together with several written to her by Horace Walpole and only dis-

covered since Mrs. Toynbee's fine edition of Walpole's letters was published. Horace Walpole first made Madame du Deffand's acquaintance in 1766 when he wrote to Gray, "she is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years." Their subsequent friendship gave rise to a correspondence which, in its own vein of agreeable chatter, with now and then a serious or a tender note, has few parallels in literature.

WE are informed that an official biography of Thomas Love Peacock is being prepared. Any persons who have unpublished letters of Peacock in their possession are asked to communicate with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Charles Clarke, at 63, Kensington Mansions, Earls Court, W.

DR. SVEN HEDIN's "Overland to India" will, despite the election, be issued by Messrs. Macmillan within the next few weeks. It is supplementary to his "Trans-Himalaya," and describes the overland journey to India by way of Teheran, made by the author before he started on his expedition to Tibet. Dr. Sven Hedin has collected a large amount of valuable material relating to Persia, so that his book comes at an opportune moment.

SOME of the articles contributed by the late Mr. J. A. Doyle to the "Quarterly Review," the "English Historical Review," and other periodicals have been collected by Professor W. P. Ker, and will be published by Mr. Murray under the title of "Essays on Sport and Literature." The contents include essays on Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution," "The Historical Writings of Francis Parkman," "The Diary of Ezra Stiles," "Freeman, Froude, and Seeley," "The Poetry of Sport," "Literature and the Turf," and "Modern Rifle Shooting."

PROFESSOR E. B. POULTON is about to issue through Messrs. Longmans a volume of reminiscences bearing the title "John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories." Among its contents is a full account of the Oxford Union in the 'seventies, when the Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and other men who have since become famous, took a leading part in the Union debates.

MESSRS. MAUNSELL, of Dublin, will have ready this month their collected edition of the works of the late Mr. J. M. Synge. The edition is in four volumes, and the contents of Volume Four have not previously been published in book form, whilst the "Poems" and "Deirdre of the Sorrows" have only appeared in limited editions.

THE twelfth and concluding volume of "The Cambridge Modern History" will be published on December 8th. Among its contents are chapters on "Ireland and the Home Rule Movement," by Mr. R. Dunlop; "The Third French Republic," by M. Emile Bourgeois; "United Italy," by Mr. Thomas Okey; "Reaction and Revolution in Russia" and "The Reform Movement in Russia," both by Professor Bernard Pares; "The Modern Law of Nations and the Prevention of War," by Sir Frederick Pollock; "Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan," by Dr. F. M. Sandwith; and "Social Movements," by Mr. Sidney Webb. Many of these topics are still controversial, so that in this volume the "History" is bound to depart from the ideal of scientific impartiality which Lord Acton had formed.

MATHILDE SERAO is engaged upon a novel, of which she is said to have greater hopes than of any she has yet written. Its theme resembles that of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," and her original intention was to call the book "Sin." The author has, however, changed her mind, and the book will appear under the title of "Intoxication, Slavery, and Death."



## Reviews.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE ELDER PITT.\*

THE most brilliant book that has been written on the world of eighteenth-century politics takes leave of its hero at twenty-five. Lord Rosebery's entertaining and finished and delicate study carries Chatham to the verge of fifty, and yet nobody will question the correctness of the title. The difference measures the advantages of starting position. It was a handicap to be the son of Lord Holland if you wanted to become a good man; but not if you wanted to become a good politician. These forty-seven years cover the first phase of Chatham's career, and all its fierce inconsistencies and imperious contradictions are reconciled in a unity of plan and aim. Plan and aim need not be woven at this point into a golden dream. Whatever may be said of the splendid scenes on which the curtain will rise in the next act, there is nothing here to dazzle or bewilder the imagination. Lord Rosebery certainly is not dazed or overcome by the first promise of lustre and greatness. He reviews these years in the impartial calm of common sense. He will not call ambition in one man a vice and in another a virtue. He is not always on the look-out for heroic interpretations of very ordinary weaknesses. He does not borrow the glory of the midday sun to scatter the cold vapours of a crude and uninspiring dawn. He writes of Chatham with frankness, almost with cynicism, and he never sinks the man of the world in the admiring biographer of this perplexing hero.

The book is intensely interesting, partly because it is the work of a man whose whole nature and history qualify him to understand the society he describes. A man more given to idealising politics would be repelled by the world of intrigue and paltry aim through which Lord Rosebery guides us. But Lord Rosebery writes as a politician disillusioned of his enthusiasms, who regards politics rather as the art of accomplished men than as the life of a nation. If he had made his way to the front through all the difficulties that beset men of ordinary birth and circumstances, Lord Rosebery would have been a more useful public man, but he would have been a less admirable critic of the period he describes. How much of the eighteenth-century spirit still survives in this brilliant aristocrat may be seen from one of his asides, in which he says that whereas it was a great advantage to be a peer in the eighteenth century, "a peerage is now, as regards office, in the nature of an impediment, if not a disqualification." Spoilt children always think that fortune is their stepmother. Nobody but a peer with all his roots in the eighteenth century could suppose that the peers who have filled Cabinets and offices in modern times have had to struggle to their feet under the overwhelming discouragements that society had thrown in their way. "Nitor in adversum" is apparently the motto for politicians like the present Lord Salisbury, and it is Mr. Lloyd George who was swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator. But the fact that he can make this complaint is one reason why Lord Rosebery can put life and character and the play of real and engrossing interests into the round of intrigue and ambition that make up the story of English politics during these dreary years. All the men he describes are real and significant to him: he can enter into their traditions and struggles and disappointments, their accomplishments and their motives, and by his rare gift of portraiture he can give reality and significance to the characters and the incidents he describes.

It would be an excellent thing for all those politicians and writers who talk of the advance to democracy as a degrading process in the life of the State, and of popular politics as mercenary and low-toned, to pass an examination in the contents of this volume. Here, from 1735, when Pitt entered Parliament, to 1755, when the volume closes, we have an England under the uncontrolled power of the aristocracy. There are murmurs and noises from an outside world, but the members of Parliament are not much more affected by them than people who live in secure houses near Regent's Park are affected by the murmurs and noises of the Zoological Gardens. Politics are embraced in the arts and struggles and diplomacies of a handful of men. Now, can

\* "Chatham: His Early Life and Connections." By Lord Rosebery. Humphreys. 12s. net.

anybody point to a generation in the history of England when the pursuit of money takes a higher place in the imagination of politicians, when ambition, without any of the redeeming instincts of public spirit, governs all action and conduct so completely, when the standard of personal honor and scruple is lower? Two palaces still recall the days when the plunder of the public was used, without shame, to provide politicians with princely mansions. The Duke of Chandos built Canons out of the profits of the Pay Office, and the same source gave Henry Fox the funds to purchase Holland House. Or take a history like that of the Grenvilles, a family who put into its ample pocket a sum not far short of a million of public money in half-a-century. Lord Rosebery has an excellent description of this brotherhood of pirates. "Their objects were not exalted, but from generation to generation, with a patience little less than Chinese, they pursued and ultimately attained what they desired." The truth is that this aristocracy regarded all the plunder it could come at as fair remuneration for the task of governing the country. Cobbett made a characteristic criticism on the system of unpaid magistrates. He said it reminded him of the servant who said, when applying for a situation, that he did not want any wages, for he generally found little things to pick up about the house. The eighteenth-century oligarchs went a little further. But if this was their price, what about their services? Their service would have been more conspicuous if they had not been all scrambling for office and its profits. Personal machinations fill the pages of history at this time, and most momentous questions of foreign policy turn on the slips and falls of men in whose minds these questions are themselves of very subordinate importance. Public spirit often becomes party spirit, but party spirit at its lowest would have been an atmosphere of divine and transcendental patriotism in comparison with the air that these gentlemen breathed. And as Lord Rosebery's readers will see from the row over the Buckinghamshire Assizes, the aristocracy was quite ready to interest itself in the politics of the village pump if the pump happened to have a golden handle.

This system bred politicians of a very distinct character. Their vices are manifest; but they also have their charms and graces. Of these Lord Rosebery is very sensible. He writes, for example, an admirable study of Carteret, occupying three pages, every word of which is a masterpiece of just and telling description.

"He was a scholar of signal excellence at a time when scholarship was in the atmosphere of English statesmanship; the best Grecian of his day, with the great classics always in his mind and at command. Did anyone of the like taste come to him on business, Carteret would at once turn from business to some Homeric discussion. Moreover, he knew the whole Greek Testament by heart; an unusual and unsuccessful accomplishment. But he was also versed in modern languages, then a rare and now a common faculty in this island, and alone among his contemporaries spoke German fluently, a priceless advantage under a Sovereign whose heart and mind were in Hanover."

The personal descriptions are, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the volume. Here, for example, is an account of Henry Fox's decline:—

"There is something profoundly melancholy in Fox's degeneracy. Its commencement is clearly marked. In 1756 he was an easy companion, a good friend, kindly and beloved; he was honored and admired; he was the second man in the House of Commons, willing and able to dare all. But when he was discarded and had subsided into the Paymastership, he seems to have suffered a gradual deterioration. His objects became sordid; he lost the finer elements of his character; his ambitions sank into something composed of vindictiveness and greed; his generous wine became coked and bitter."

There is nothing Lord Rosebery enjoys so much as speculating on the questions of character and personality, and his criticisms command the confidence which is due to a writer who clearly knows his world. His reflections on the position of George the Second, whom he justly calls "the best of the Georges," are particularly piquant.

"The real crime of George the Second in the eyes of his British subjects was almost in the category of virtues, for it was his devotion to Hanover. Innocent and natural as it was in him, it seems wonderful to us that our fathers should have endured it. How they must have hated Popery! But Hanover was the King's home and fatherland; all his pleasant associations were with Hanover; there he was absolute Sovereign, and could lead, without criticism, the life that he enjoyed."

The character sketches are all marked by sure and vivid touches, and the book will help to confirm the view that this is Lord Rosebery's chief gift.

This was the world into which Pitt plunged, not alone and unaided, for he had a place under the Grenville canopy, but with less powerful and driving forces behind him than most of his contemporaries. The story of his beginnings, his savage pursuit of power, his recklessness, his inconsistencies, and the strength by which he broke down a hostile Court, is familiar enough. It might well seem doubtful whether, if he had not lived longer than his son, the verdict of history on all this phase would have been much more charitable than the biting verdict of Smollett. One thing, indeed, he has done which has reverberated through history. When he became Paymaster-General, he refused to enrich himself by taking the glittering perquisites of that office. Von Ruville inclines to treat this refusal, in his unsympathetic and unjust analysis of Pitt's character, as a piece of cold and calculating ambition. He argues that Pitt was financially independent, and that he recognised that the reputation he would get by refusing would be worth more to him politically than the wealth he would make by taking the profits. Lord Rosebery does not take this view, but he remarks that Pitt did not create a precedent in so acting, and that he merely did what Pelham had done before him.

"One signal difference, however, must be observed: Pelham abstained silently; the abstinence of Pitt was widely known. This notoriety may have been partly due to the fact that the King of Sardinia, having heard of Pitt's refusal to deduct the percentage on the Sardinian subsidy, sent to offer him a large present, which Pitt unhesitatingly declined. But there was another reason, which colors Pitt's whole life, and which may therefore well be noted here. His light was never hid under any sort of bushel, and he did not intend that it should be. . . . He can scarcely be called the advertiser, but he was the ancestor of advertisers."

This may seem at first sight like detracting from the credit of Pitt's refusal, but, in point of fact, it is nothing of the sort. For this recognition of the importance of standing well with the people was what distinguished Pitt from the politicians with whom he struggled and scrambled. He did not aim at a great moral position in the country merely as an end to personal ambition. He wanted it because he wanted to transform politics. Godwin said of him that his first thought was to make himself famous by destroying domestic corruption, and that he was diverted to foreign conquest as an easier way of achieving renown. It would be more correct to say that the two aims were combined in his imagination, and that he believed from the first that he, and he alone, could find a remedy for England's weakness abroad and her weakness at the heart. His failure in one of these aims is as conspicuous as his success in the other. The analysis of the causes does not belong to this phase; but, looking back on these years with our knowledge of his later career, we can see already the traces of the decisive qualities of his life. For already he has displayed those splendid gifts of genius that were to make him the leader of his people, and those troublesome tricks of character that were to make him the dupe of his King.

#### THE BATTLE ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.\*

As a document, Mr. Lacey's "Roman Diary" is a work of no little interest. It takes us at first hand into a curious and little-frequented byway of contemporary history. The question of Anglican Orders, or, to put it precisely, the question whether, from the standpoint of Roman Catholic theology, these Orders are, or are not, "valid," is one which few Englishmen can bring themselves to take seriously. Mr. Lacey is one of the few. "Until the question of Orders is out of the way," he tells us, "we can hardly get our people even to listen to talk about re-union." The late Canon Townsend, the story goes, was describing, somewhat in the grand style, the well-intentioned overtures in the direction of re-union made by him in 1851 to Pius IX. "Holy Father (I said to him), if you, on your side, will give up certain doctrines, we, on our side, will give up certain doctrines." "I suppose, Dr. Townsend," interposed Bishop Phillpotts, "that by *we* you meant Mrs. Townsend and yourself?" Mr.

Lacey's "our people" invites a similar interposition. The normally constituted Englishman knows nothing of "Orders," in the sense in which the word is used in this Diary; and is as likely to contemplate re-union with the Grand Mufti as with Rome.

Mr. Lacey's experience of Rome was that of the fly in the spider's parlor. He was treated, we need not doubt, with the usual forms of courtesy—no one can be more courteous than your Roman official—the value of which he seems to have misapprehended, much as if a foreigner should take literally such expressions as "your obedient servant," or "Dear sir." But from first to last he was played with; he knew neither the *milieu* nor the men. "The question is not in the Holy Office," he is told. It was in the Holy Office, as he found to his cost. He is "still puzzled to know why the Cardinal Secretary pressed us to stay in Rome, when the sessions of the Commission were ended"; he dwells on Cardinal Segna's, "Vous partez donc aujourd'hui; trop tôt, trop tôt!" "Why this apparatus of a Commission of Enquiry?" he asks. "Was it a farce?" Yes; it was a farce from the day it opened; and, except Mr. Lacey and his friends, everyone in Rome knew it. He would have been better advised had he listened to the outspoken member of the Commission who warned him from the first that a negative decision was certain. "It was impossible," said the sanguine Abbé Portal. "C'est l'impossible qui arrive," was the reply. The position in which he and his friends found themselves was false and undignified. That ministers of the Church of England should, like Agag, "come delicately" to the doors of what he euphemistically calls the Holy Office—it is more generally known as the Inquisition—that they should gravely discuss such questions as whether decrees of a Roman Congregation issued on Thursday are irreformable or infallible, and so stand on a higher level than those published on the other days of the week, is pitiable. The references to the Marian martyrs and to the Reformation in the pamphlet "De re Anglicana" call for a stronger word.

From the beginning he misconceived both the temper and the standpoint of Rome. The Roman mind is not theological, but administrative. It can use theology as a means to an end, but to theology as such it is indifferent. And to the Roman official the stress laid by Anglicans of Mr. Lacey's type on Orders is incomprehensible. Padre de Augustinis was friendly to their claim, Cardinal Mazzella hostile. But neither "could understand why so much was made of a secondary question; the great question was the Pope." The Orders controversy was re-opened because it was believed that concessions on this head would promote the interests of the Roman Church in England and elsewhere; and had this belief held its own, no theological arguments would have been allowed to stand in the way of these concessions. When it became evident that the belief was unfounded, no more was heard of them; their sufficient reason had disappeared.

The ignorance of England and things English at Rome must be experienced to be believed. In 1894-5 it was seriously thought that a secession from the English Church, headed by one of the two Archbishops, was imminent, and that it could be secured were the point of Orders waived. The notion was worthy of Leo Taxil, and of the credulity which accepted the mythical Diana Vaughan. Its origin was scarcely less fantastic. A French priest who, on a visit to this country, had seen the English Church much as the Tsar sees the model villages set up day by day on the roads over which he passes; a handful of enthusiasts haunted by the glamor and the logic of Rome—such was its foundation. The good faith of those concerned was beyond question. What was at fault was their focus; the excess of what has been called "the wish to believe." The Roman official world was sceptical; but the Pope was more accessible. To approach Leo XIII. as a diplomatist was to take him on his most susceptible side. He was a diplomatist, and a successful one; the vision of a united Christendom held him; he was sanguine, and apt to take up keenly schemes which promised immediate results. There was nothing that he would not have done to secure a brilliant success in England; but, when he was convinced, with difficulty, that a success of this kind was out of the question, his mood changed. His anger was, perhaps, natural. He would not admit that he and his informants had deceived themselves; he thought that he

\* "A Roman Diary, and Other Documents Relating to the Papal Inquiry into English Ordinations, 1896." By T. A. Lacey. Longmans. 12s. net.



had been deceived. He had gone too far to withdraw from the promised inquiry. But, before the Commission met, its result was a foregone conclusion. The Bull *Apostolica Curæ* was already in *petto*; all that had to be done was to give it shape and form. Mr. Lacey's comments on this pronouncement are characteristic of his school. "Without the re-opening of the question," he tells us, "the reunion of Christendom remains impossible." But the Roman Church has no wish for what he understands by "the reunion of Christendom." "The Church of England is not a negligible quantity in Christendom." Let him be assured that, in the eyes of Rome, the Church of England, except in so far as the Papacy can exploit it for its own purposes, is as negligible as are the Plymouth Brethren.

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera":

Let theologians play with syllogisms, philosophers with speculation, historians with the shadows of the past. Her mission is of another order.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento":

The function of Rome is not reasoning, but rule.

With regard to the matter of English Orders in itself, few words will serve. It was a saying of Archbishop Temple that the Church of England, while pronouncing no opinion on what is called Apostolic Succession, had provided that her ministers should possess it. The form of this statement was characteristically archi-episcopal; but its substance, if we substitute the Elizabethan statesmen for the Church of England, was pertinent and true. The aim of the Elizabethan settlement of religion was to find a middle term, in which Englishmen, with the exception of a few extremists, Papal and Puritan, could acquiesce. More than half the nation was Catholic—not in the sense that they insisted on the Papal claims, which had not then assumed their present proportions; but in the sense that they resented any decided break with the past, either in ritual or doctrine, especially sacramental doctrine. This being so, it is inconceivable that the Government should not have taken effectual means to secure a succession the absence of which would have been fatal to its purpose at home, and have discredited its professions before Europe. Whatever their personal views as to the value of this succession, it is incredible that they should have allowed a break to take place in whatever succession then existed. We may be sure that they did not do so; that any succession that the Pre-Reformation clergy possessed, and any prerogatives which may be derived from it, are possessed by their successors from the time of Elizabeth to our own day. The question, as now raised, is a later development. The common objection of the Catholics of the sixteenth century to the Edwardine and Elizabethan bishops was that they were heretical, and in schism—not so much from the Pope as from Catholic Christendom—not that their Orders were invalid. The Bull of Leo XIII., *Apostolica Curæ*, oscillates between defect of form and defect of intention. The reason is obvious. To concentrate on the former would be to invalidate the older forms of ordination; while to insist on the latter would be to fly in the teeth of the doctrine of intention as taught by Catholic theologians. What adds to the unreality of the controversy is the tendency of recent Anglican writers, like Mr. Lacey and the Bishop of Birmingham, to fall back on a moral as opposed to a material or physical succession. If the claim be reduced to these proportions, it is not far from the stage in which it becomes one of words.

#### A LIFE OF BROWNING.\*

THE late Mr. Hall Griffin, whose premature death was hardly a less loss to literature than to his many friends, gave much time and thought to the career and writings of Browning. The material which he had accumulated for a memoir, together with some half of the work already written, was entrusted to Mr. Minchin, who has loyally carried out the biographer's design. We have a volume which he correctly describes as "not a study of the life of Robert Browning seen through a temperament, but a record based upon a

sympathetic review and interpretation of accepted facts."

We may suppose that in writing, of a temperament Mr. Minchin glances at such life-writers as Boswell and Burghon. Their example seems to show that a touch of the grotesque is no disadvantage to a biographer who knew his man. In a later writer such a temperament is out of place, and, except in one unfortunate instance, Mr. Minchin shows no sign of it. Nor was it part of Mr. Griffin's design to give any systematic interpretation or criticism of his poet's works. He was content to let the facts speak for themselves as he told of the origin, growth, and reception of each separate work. For such a life there was clearly room, and the present volume is not likely to be superseded. It brings out the essential nobility of Browning's nature, and supplies some material for estimating his place in the thought and literature of his age. It is a substantial achievement, even though we may regret that it does not give us more. Mr. Minchin quotes Lord Leighton's description of the poet as "a never-failing fountain of quaint stories and funny sayings." Alas, no chiel seems to have taken notes, and this record of travel and residence, of writing and publishing, would perhaps leave the reader a little cold, were it not happily also a record of friendship and of love.

The history of each work is of much importance in the case of a poet so essentially dramatic as, in one sense of the word, Browning certainly was. We are not, indeed, sure that it is a sense of the word which would have been accepted by Aristotle. After all, the drama is the thing done. "I thought to do this, not to talk this," says our poet's Luria. To the poet himself the thing done was often but a step to the thing reflected on by another. His first thought seems to have been to ask how the facts appeared to those who had to take part in them. The number of those who reflect, and the exuberance of their reflection, come to overlie the facts. We do not forget that something may be said on the other side. "Strafford" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" met with as much success on the stage as could be expected at the time of their production. Indeed, Mr. Minchin quotes Arnold's testimony that the latter play was better taken by the gallery and pit than by the stalls. But "Luria" is a greater work than either of the other plays, if only because the Moor himself is one of the grandest figures in literature. Yet "Luria" was not written for the stage, and, if it was acted, could hardly be a success with a general audience. So Browning came to use the word dramatic to indicate that the sentiments expressed were not his own. There is action enough in some of his Dramatic Idylls, as there was in Greek Idylls, but the action can hardly be said to hold the first place, and in some of the Dramatic Lyrics naturally it has no place at all. If, following Aristotle, we pass from the plot to the characters, there can be no question of Browning's claim to his favorite epithet. He has given us such a gallery of Men and Women as we have had from no poet since Shakespeare. Acceptance for them he did not win at once. We remember forty years ago an ancient pedagogue, once a Fellow of New College, who thought that poetry died with Pope, saying to his boys, quite falsely, "You read Browning, you do," and adding, with more truth, "You don't read the poets." Our biographers show us how Browning gradually created his audience.

Of all the objections made to him, perhaps the most futile dealt with his form and his metre. Even when his name was well established, a dictum of Churton Collins, not quoted, though incidentally refuted, by Mr. Minchin, declared that he had a worse ear even than Byron. Such a judgment ignores the dramatic character of Browning's work. Even Johnson, whose poetic ear was sadly conventional, saw well enough that Butler's rhythms and rhymes were exactly fitted to his subject. Mr. Minchin does not speak idly when he bids us observe how "Browning's blank verse at its best subserves the display of passions which at once lacerate and purify the human heart." We may admit that Browning's facility in rhyming sometimes led him astray, but a poet is not to be judged by his worst work. In this matter he has sometimes been contrasted with Tennyson. He has nothing to fear. Tennyson has much that will always attract by its fine form and sound, but from that on which he prided himself, the sort of line over which he "smoked ten cigars," there comes already a strong smell of the lamp. With characteristic modesty Browning always

\* "The Life of Robert Browning, With Notices of his Writings, his Family, and his Friends." By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.



ceded the first place to Tennyson, but the thought and art of the era must surely seek its representative in the younger man. And this is no less true of their political opinions. Tennyson preached civic duty in a spirit which had absorbed some of the conservative Whiggism of Burke. Browning was not afraid of change, and strongly desired any change that struck a fetter from the soul of man. Mr. Minchin gives a sonnet written in 1885, but not published in Browning's works. It tells why he was a Liberal.

"If fetters not a few  
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,  
These shall I bid men—each in his degree  
Also God-guided—bear, and gladly too?"

This brings us to a point to which we have already alluded, a little bit of temperament through which, as it seems to us, Mr. Minchin does his poet an injustice. He tells us, truly enough, that Browning began as a Liberal and ended as a Liberal Unionist. He adds that "his Liberalism was of a sort which appears to be on the road to extinction. He would no more have sympathised with the Socialism which latterly masquerades as Liberalism than would Mr. Gladstone himself." Mr. Minchin's language is partial and inexact, but we take what we suppose to be his meaning. Now, to some minds there is no such word as wherefore. If this simple shepherd had had any philosophy in him, he would surely have paused to ask himself why the old Liberalism was on the road to extinction. Does he suppose that the supply of honest and earnest men died out with the Aberdeens and the Russells, or even with Mr. Gladstone? The old Liberalism existed to set us free politically from State control as it was understood by Sidmouth and Castlereagh, intellectually from the spirit which cried for bonfires on the publication of "Essays and Reviews." In the main its work was done. To those who did it, it was natural to suppose that there might be a time of rest. In truth there is no such time, and the generous soul of the next generation turned perforce to other means of improving the world. He could hardly hope to carry with him those whose minds had taken their color from the problems of a particular age. There is always something vain in such judgments as Mr. Minchin's, even when they are expressed in reasoned language and not in the petulant babbling which he has unhappily preferred. The cause has been well explained by a greater thinker than Browning himself. "The passion for improving mankind," said Thomas Hill Green, "in its ultimate object does not vary. But the immediate object of reformers, and the forms of persuasion by which they seek to advance them, vary much in different generations. To a just observer they might even seem contradictory, and to justify the notion that nothing better than a desire for change, selfish or perverse, is at the bottom of all reforming movements." Of Browning's age, history will record that it aimed at setting the soul free; of the succeeding age, that it aimed at providing the moral and material environment in which that freedom could be used. An admirer of Browning may well contend that he was not a reformer by the accident of birth, that such spirits as his are always with the foremost movement of the age. Born in 1812, he was naturally a Liberal of the old school. Who shall say that, born in 1882, he would not have been a Liberal of the new? Certainly not a critic who can find no better word than masqueraders to describe such statesmen as Lord Morley and Mr. Asquith. We are afraid that, in turning Browning out of the Liberal camp, Mr. Minchin drives him into the wilderness. We hope that in a second edition he will see fit to mend his phrase, if not his thought.

Of the few errors which we have noted in this book we will mention one. Mr. Minchin seems to have forgotten that "absens absentem auditque videtque" are the words of a greater Muse than Browning's.

#### SEAMEN'S LETTERS.\*

It is one of the characteristics of the present age to clamor for the personal note in its journalism and literature, and to insist on the sounding of this note at all times and all seasons. To those who possess this sympathetic interest in the people of history, the "Letters of the English Seamen" will come bearing with them a whiff of clean sea air. They

\*"Letters of the English Seamen, 1587-1808." Edited by E. Hallam Moorhouse. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

are brimful of human nature; for here we have collected for us, in chronological order, a representative selection from the time of Drake and his gallant colleagues till just after Nelson had crowned his career with his death. A recent writer has complained that the picture, after all, which history presents of events is a very artificial one: certainly, many will agree that too frequently the true romance has been omitted and the human motives neglected to make room for the mere recital of results and effects. But all history is, in reality, one vivid chronicle of human endeavor, not merely a drama wherein impersonal forces collide.

As we read through this correspondence, written for the most part by the men who have made history, we have access, so to speak, to the green-room of great actors just about to "go on." Some others have just "come off" and are willing to converse with their nearest and best as to how they fared.

The period of the drama covers a long time, but it has been well divided up by Mrs. Moorhouse into four acts, each being given its fitting prelude, so that the reader shall have an opportunity of appreciating the atmosphere in which the subsequent events take place. All of these four acts are full of unflagging action. We see the powder and shot, hear the cheers of the seamen, and watch the masts and yards of our old wooden walls crashing into the sea.

These private peeps into the lives and deeds of the men who made England cannot fail to appeal to everyone of us who is proud of his birthright. They are at once invigorating and humiliating. We see the weaknesses as well as the greatness of these leaders of men. We see them, not exactly as the stereotyped history-books would have us regard them, but as they actually were; and, because we find our heroes to be of the same flesh and blood and of like passions as ourselves, they become visibly more to us than before.

It is a varied collection which Mrs. Moorhouse provides, and we envy her the joy she must have experienced in gathering it together. There are letters from Drake, Howard, and others, written in the spring of 1588, giving warning of the certain coming of the Armada, asking for victuals and munitions, advising also to attack the enemy in his own waters and not wait until he approaches England. There is a brief despatch from Drake, written on the twentieth of July, announcing the arrival of the Armada. Drake is on board the "Revenge" off the Start, and his letter, written in haste, is bursting with excitement. We have descriptions of some of the fighting, written by Hawkyms, Wynter, and others, men who actually took part in defeating "the greatest and strongest combination . . . that ever was gathered in Christendom," as Hawkyms described it to Walsingham.

Blake's despatches of his encounters with the Dutch; Hawke's account of the battle of Quiberon Bay, the greatest naval victory between the Armada and the time when Nelson came on the scene; Howe's own account of the "Glorious First of June"; Nelson's letters after the battle of the Nile; Nelson's last letters respectively to his daughter and to Lady Hamilton—"my dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom"—written on the "Victory" at noon, after the signal had been made that the enemy's combined fleet were coming out of port, these are but some of the delightful jewels to be found in this treasure-box.

But they are not all descriptive of fighting, though each letter shows the character of an Englishman and a sailor whether in Tudor or Georgian times. Prodigal alike of lives or riches, full of the joy of living, petulant in peace, excited by the chance of a fight, merciful as victors, considerate to and worshipping their women-folk, these were the men who rooted deep the most popular types of British manhood. Very touching and human, too, is the letter from his barge's crew to Nelson. It is eloquent of the love that his personality aroused among officers and men alike. "My lord," it begins,

"it is with extreme grief that we find you are about to leave us. We have been along with you (although not in the same Ship) in every Engagement your Lordship has been in, both by Sea and Land, and most humbly beg of your Lordship to permit us to go to England, as your Boat's crew, in any Ship or Vessel, or in any way that may seem most pleasing to your Lordship. My lord, pardon the rude style of Seamen, who are but little acquainted with writing, and believe us to be your ever humble and obedient servants—

BARGE'S CREW OF THE 'FOUDROYANT.'"

Mrs. Moorhouse is to be congratulated on her happy selection. The volume is well illustrated by a number of

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## University of Cambridge,

*and an entirely new (11th) edition will be  
issued from the Cambridge University Press  
about the end of the year.*

\* \* Prospectus and specimen pages post-free from  
The Cambridge University Press (London Office),  
Fetter Lane, E.C.

It is now 142 years since there appeared in Edinburgh the first part of a book, to be completed in 3 modest volumes, of 900 pages each, under the ambitious title of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Limited in its scope to the arts and sciences, the product of a "Society of Gentlemen in Scotland," none of whose names have come down to us, it contained, for the best of reasons, no heading "Steam Engine," and could still combat, in its article "Botany," the theory that sex existed in the world of plants.

The 11th edition, to contrast it with the first, consists of 28 volumes and an index. There are 27,000 pages of text, 40,000 articles, over 41 millions of words, more than 7,000 illustrations and maps. Its 1,500 contributors include the most eminent authorities in every department of knowledge. Its scope has been enlarged to supply information under whatever word may reasonably prompt a question as to the person, place, object, action, or conception for which it stands—and this information (the result of a fresh survey of the world) is given up to the year 1910.

The new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which the Cambridge University Press is now about to issue, is, indeed, a representative product of the day—to which it belongs in virtue of its writers, its information, the improved method of its preparation, the revolution in its physical production; but it is also the result of a long development, and can well be introduced only by a backward glance.

Past editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have been published at the dates shown in the following table. As every edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has hitherto been issued in parts, and its publication, therefore, extended over a series of years, the interval between one edition and the next must be measured from the mean date of each. It will be seen that, whereas successive editions have hitherto appeared at intervals, on an average, of 14 years, a period of 28 years separates the publication of the present edition from the last *entirely new* edition, viz., the 9th.

1st edition (Bell & Macfarquhar)	3 vols.	1768-71	Mean date 1770
2nd edition (Bell & Macfarquhar)	10 "	1777-84	" 1781
3rd edition (Bell & Macfarquhar)	18 "	1788-97	" 1793
Supplement (Thomson Bonar)	2 "	1801	"
4th edition (Andrew Bell)	20 "	1801-10	" 1805
5th edition (Constable)	20 "	1815-17	" 1816
Supplement (Constable)	6 "	1816-24	"
6th edition (Constable)	20 "	1823-24	" 1824
7th edition (Adam Black)	21 "	1830-42	" 1836
8th edition (Adam Black)	22 "	1853-60	" 1857
9th edition (A. & C. Black)	25 "	1875-89	" 1882
Supplement (The Times)	11 "	1902	"
11th edition	29 "		December, 1910

(Cambridge University Press)

The title of the first edition was ambitious, for the word "encyclopædia" promised a *complete* circle of instruction, and this the modest three volumes fell far short of supplying. But, if the first *Encyclopædia Britannica* failed to *complete* the circle, it clearly showed that *instruction* was its main purpose. For its articles upon the chief arts and sciences were long and comprehensive treatises, intended for study and reading, and to this feature—which characterises the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to this day—the book owes its reputation as something apart from the many other encyclopædias, British and foreign, which serve a slighter purpose.

The new (11th) edition—besides being *new*, i.e., the result of a fresh survey of the world—carries forward the famous characteristics of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, while developing others which were latent. For the first time in its history an edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been written, and will be issued, as one consistent whole from A to Z. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this radical change in the method of production. With previous editions—as indeed with every other considerable publication whatever—the custom has been to produce and publish the work volume by volume. In the present case—in respect both of the exhaustive character of its survey and of its well-considered distribution under some 40,000 headings—simultaneous preparation has brought to

the new work the advantage of such a thorough organisation and control as is unattainable under the ordinary conditions of piecemeal production. This development, while enhancing the value of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as a book for study and for reading, greatly increases its usefulness as a work of reference. For, by virtue of the better arrangement of its matter, the new work contains in the same space a far greater amount of information than any previous edition. One other striking innovation may be noted. By the employment of India paper, a book of which the contents have always been intended for reading has been rendered physically readable at last in the shape of light and slender volumes.

The preparation of the 11th edition (at a cost, before a single volume was printed, of £230,000) has occupied for eight years a permanent editorial staff of 64 members, and it embodies the special knowledge of leading authorities in every field, e.g., Lord Rayleigh, Sir Joseph Thomson, Sir Philip Watts, Professor Ewing, Professor Nernst, Sir Clifford Allbutt, Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir Walter Phillimore, Sir George Goldie, Dr. Arthur Evans, Professor Haverfield, Professor Vinogradoff, Professor Oman, Dr. Driver, Dr. Estlin Carpenter, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Donald Tovey, Captain Brinkley, Colonel Maude, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, to name but twenty out of some fifteen hundred. But of all these details of the work, the reader may best judge for himself from the prospectus and specimen pages for which this announcement invites him to inquire.

In conclusion, it may safely be asserted that at no time in its history has the need of a new *Encyclopædia Britannica* been more urgent than it is to-day. The past fifteen years have been marked by extraordinary multiplication of special studies, and, at the same time, they have seen a notable growth of the belief that information tells—tells not only indirectly, and in a quickening of general interests, but, also, most practically, in the increased efficiency which a man brings to the pursuit of his own business or profession, whatever that may be.

In coming now under the control of the University of Cambridge, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as a most comprehensive exhibition of exact knowledge, will be regarded as having found a natural abiding place. On its side, in assuming the charge of a most powerful instrument of general instruction, the University takes a step in fulfilment of its responsibility towards a wider circle than that of its own students during the short years of their residence.

The first copies (a small number) of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition, will, it is expected, be ready in January, 1911.

This preliminary announcement is made with the object of inviting applications at once, in advance of publication. From these advance applications it will be possible to estimate in what proportions the two forms of the new edition (the one on India paper and the other on ordinary paper) and the various styles of binding, will be in demand, and thus to effect a considerable economy in the subsequent manufacture of the book.

Since, at this juncture, information on this head is of importance to the Cambridge University Press, advance applicants are offered the benefit of a greatly reduced price, as well as the advantage of securing a copy of the book as soon as any are printed.

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portraits, but many readers will find the omission of an index at the end of the book to detract from its general usefulness as a work of reference.

### TWO BOOKS ON SPORT.\*

IN these days, when many of us have comparatively little time for "pleasure reading," it is a pity that so many alleged "sporting books" with attractive and not infrequently misleading titles should be placed upon the market to catch the unwary. Mr. Bridges's "A Sportsman of Limited Income" is a typical volume of this kind, though doubtless the idea that the title might prove deceptive did not occur to him. Yet the man who seeks in its pages for information on the best way to obtain sport at small cost will be disappointed, for the subject is hardly broached. At least one-third of the volume deals with matters in no way connected with sport; while surely in a book on sport a frontispiece of the author's grandmother at her spinning-wheel is somewhat out of place.

The first chapter is headed "Sport for Limited Incomes," but beyond some disparaging allusions to "millionaires," "semi-millionaires," and "battue" shooting, there is nothing in it that bears upon the subject. After a chapter devoted to "My First Hare," we come to "Sport at Eton." The author was at Eton with Edmund Yates, afterwards owner of the "World":—

"He was a curious fellow, always ranting plays and songs, and after Christmas spouting pages and pages of some new pantomime that had taken his fancy. It seemed clear he would go on the stage, or to Astley's, where he would have made an excellent clown. . . . Yates's mother had been a rather celebrated actress, and the boys who objected to him would keep in their desks a penny colored portrait of Mrs. Yates, in one of her chief rôles, to be produced when Edmund became too uproarious."

"Rather celebrated actress," is good; but one would have liked to "strap" those precious little snobs. Eton is better now. The chapters to do with it take up thirty-nine pages, mostly of school-day reminiscences, and then follow fifty-three pages of incidents in the author's life when he was in America many years ago. A specimen of these incidents will suffice:—

"The station agent was a wild young Scotsman of good family, and about my own age, who, when a lad, had enlisted in the Life Guards, been bought out by his friends, put into a good business in Canada, drunk himself out of it, and afterwards tried several things with the same result. Finally, he had landed at our station, where he remained on a salary barely sufficient to keep him in food and garments of sufficient solidity to keep out the cold. 'By G—,' he used to say when drunk, 'I took the shilling.'"

"Cattle-dealers in the 'Sixties" is the best chapter—somewhat faint praise—and in the chapter headed "Scenes on Racecourses" there are three anecdotes which are interesting. In the chapter, "The Decay of Horse-breeding," little is said that has not been repeated a dozen times of late years, and then we come to a chapter with the quaint heading, "Trainers and Publishers," where the humor is of the unconscious kind. Had "A Sportsman of Limited Income" been printed privately, and for circulation among the author's friends and relatives, few could have grumbled. But we are surprised to see it advertised as a work that all sportsmen ought to read.

One turns with real relief to the first numbers of "The Encyclopedia of Sport," which is to be brought out in thirty parts by Mr. Heinemann, at a shilling each number. It will be remembered that the editors of the original "Encyclopedia of Sport" attempted to bring together the information essential to the different sports and games which constitute the pastimes of civilised man. The word "sport" had then—only ten years ago—a far narrower meaning than is given to it to-day. In the new edition, not only has all the letterpress first published been brought thoroughly up to date, but many new subjects have been added, notably that of aeronautics, which is treated at considerable length in the first number. Among the contributors are

\* "A Sportsman of Limited Income: Recollections of Fifty Years." By J. A. Bridges. Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Encyclopedia of Sport." Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Heinemann. Vol. I. 10s. 6d. net

such well-known authorities on special subjects as Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, W. Baxendale, F. B. Cooke, H. A. Bryden, H. Hesketh-Pritchard, E. A. Shipley, Montague Shearman, J. E. Harting, and B. J. T. Bosanquet.

### A POLITICAL SATIRE.\*

IN his new novel, "Pongo and the Bull," Mr. Belloc has not burdened the story with the excess of detail that made "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election" too slow in the telling, and few readers will complain that this satire on politics and politicians is not brisk and lively. Of course, the satire will not be for everyone. Parts of "Pongo and the Bull" are too good to be true. Politics would be both more stimulating and fascinating if the Duke of Battersea, "the chief and the most respected of British financiers," and G. Quinlan Smith, the Yankee millionaire, were factors essential to the stability of a Cabinet. Mr. Belloc has pitched the date of his story, fifteen years ahead, in the spring of 1925, at a time when the new Socialist Party, "the Straights," occupy the position that is to-day held by the Irish. The "Straights," an exceedingly well-disciplined body of Socialistic experts under the leadership of Mr. Moss, have made an alliance with the National Party, and support the latter's Imperialistic programme, in return for their advice being followed on Social Reform. The Prime Minister's wife, Peggy, who, from the first, has seen the importance of "the Straights," has "captured their leading spirit, Mr. Moss, and strengthened their sinews of war," and all has gone well with the Administration till the question of the Indian Loan arises. The Straights demand that part of the loan shall be allotted to relief works, the Prime Minister, "Dolly," is firm that the whole shall be spent on military works, and the hitch in the matter of the negotiations with the great banking houses is so serious that Dolly takes Pongo, the leader of the Opposition, into his confidence, and the two leaders agree that a dissolution at that period is not to be thought of, and the loan must be taken and the Bill "whanged through." Readers of Mr. Belloc will recognise his ironical method. Take for example, the sentence in which one British attitude to India is satirised. "The trouble had begun with a famine, one of these normally recurrent Indian famines which are really of very little importance to anyone save possibly the natives affected. On this particular one not a single question had been asked in the House of Commons. That was some months ago. But the famine had increased largely (it must be feared through the work of agitators), and then a very bad local outbreak of plague had come to complicate the wretched business." The conjunction of famine and agitators is so insidious that the ordinary reader might swallow the phrase without pausing.

The illusion of a satire directed against the party system, and enriched by caustic little etchings of some notable figures, is maintained by the cool actuality of the scenes in the House and in Mary Smith's famous little parties, which have seen the making and unmaking of several Governments. Mr. Belloc does not attempt to reproduce the exact nuances of the social atmosphere; he translates it into satiric black and white, and etches in the figures of the intriguing circle of politicians with genial or ungenial malice. The portrait of "Dolly," somewhat stooping in gait, "short sighted, with scanty hair, now white," worn with forty years' intrigue, might wring sympathy from anybody, even from his own supporters. In all Dolly's party manoeuvres and political worries we feel the tradition of gentlemanly breeding is paramount, and the insouciance and the charm of manner of our hereditary legislators, when dealing with commonplace mortals, are subtly in evidence, even when the unhappy Prime Minister is run to earth, in his room in the House, by his relentless wife and the inscrutable Mr. Moss. The companion portrait of Pongo, the leader of the Opposition, is not so successful. Pongo certainly has individuality, but the author seems moved by hidden animus to caricature his own creation. This is, perhaps, accountable in an author who is too obviously determined that the Whig dogs shall not have the best of it.

\* "Pongo and the Bull." By Hilaire Belloc. Constable. 6s.



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Some of the domestic vignettes, such as the interview in which the diplomatic Mary Smith, the Prime Minister's cousin, breaks the news to her deaf millionaire uncle, G. Quinlan Smith, that Dolly is trying to float the Indian Loan, are pleasant enough comedy. Mr. Belloc's success in dealing with such a slippery subject as the relations of Front Bench politicians is due to the sharp force of his outlines. People may not see the point of the Israelitish millionaire, formerly known as plain Mr. Barnett, then as Lord Lambeth, of philanthropic activities, and then as the Duke of Battersea, but he is, in fact, a significant figure and he is at least chiselled with the sharp, decisive contours of bold statuary. This incisiveness of stroke, is a quality that would bring the satirist more genuine appreciation in Paris than in London. Satire is unpopular to-day, it is, in fact, antagonistic to our hurried, uncritical acceptance of all modern conditions. We distrust it because self-knowledge might sap our self-confidence. Others, the serious ones, in reading the description of Dolly's and Pongo's planning of a dramatic debate in the Commons, with the speeches on both sides and all the points stage-managed in advance, may cry out, "Impossible!" Of course, to-day, my dear sir, but what of the doubtful yesterday, and the dubious to-morrow? It is for the highest reasons of all, for artistic reasons in short, that we regret the too farcical episode of the American millionaire's disappearance on the Riviera, when he is arrested with his agents on the charge of stealing an historic relic, a spoon once used by Disraeli. The plot is founded on this incident, for Dolly cannot secure his loan without the American millionaire, and so Pongo is despatched to find him. The episode, pure farce as it is, is cleverly enough handled, but the story ends on a less incisively ironical level than that on which it started.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. A. C. WOOTTON did not live to see his "Chronicles of Pharmacy" (Macmillan, 2 vols., 21s. net) through the press, but the work has been revised by Mr. Peter MacEwan, the editor of "The Chemist and Druggist." The book is not a history of the art of pharmacy, but a series of chapters on topics connected with the history and manipulation of medicines. Mr. Wootton's original intention was merely "to trace back to their authors the formulas of the most popular of our medicines, and to recall those which have lost their reputation." His chapters contain a great deal of information of this sort, but it is his wanderings into the by-paths of his science that will be best appreciated by the general reader. He takes us back to the Egyptian and Greek mixers of medicine, and discourses on the magic and demonism which were associated with medical practice until quite modern times. The Egyptians were among the first to form a fixed System of Medicine, but the science made little headway among them, largely because it was in the hands of the priesthood, who did not permit of any variation from the prescriptions which had been given by divine revelation. Our debt to the Arabs is much greater. The first London Pharmacopœia was based on an Arab Formulary, and it was Arabs who first employed several valuable drugs—rhubarb and senna, for example. Mr. Wootton's account of some of the superstitions connected with medicines shows the depths to which human credulity can descend. Four physicians whom Charles II. called in to cure his apoplexy signed a prescription containing, in addition to other ingredients, twenty-five drops of "a spirit distilled from human skulls," and the most disgusting animal preparations were quite common until the end of the seventeenth century. Even as late as 1745 the London Pharmacopœia and all other official formularies included among their remedies the famous Theriaca, which was represented as an antidote against all poisons, and contained utterly unknown ingredients. "Charms, enchantments, armlets, incantations, talismans, phylacteries, and all the armory of witchcraft and magic" enter very largely into the history of medicine and supply material for Mr. Wootton's discursive remarks. His book is packed with curious and out-of-the-way information, and even readers who care nothing for the science of pharmacy, will find much to interest them in its pages.

IN "Old Kew, Chiswick, and Kensington" (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Lloyd Sanders has chosen three London suburbs that are unequalled in their wealth of historical associations. Each, to have full justice done to it, would indeed require two or three of such volumes as Mr. Sanders's to itself; the history of Kew Gardens, for example, contains enough material on the horticultural side alone—as Mr. W. J. Bean has proved in his finely illustrated work on that subject—to fill a very substantial tome. The question, therefore, of selection in such a book as the one before us was no simple one, and Mr. Sanders deserves full credit for the way in which he has solved it. In the case of Kew he has wisely left the Gardens, as such, alone, and has contented himself with sketching the origin and early history of the village as briefly as possible, concentrating his main effort on a vivacious, though all too brief, account of the Court residences and Court doings at Kew from the days of Queen Caroline (whose horticultural experiments are subject for mingled praise and mirth) to those of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who used Kew Palace for his political intrigues against his royal father. It was, too, at the White House, one of the three Royal residences at Kew—the others being the Dutch House and the short-lived "Wyatt's Palace"—that George III. was nursed during one of the most severe attacks of insanity, and Fanny Burney kept part of her journal. At Kew, also, Handel is said to have played before the Court, and Chambers was incited by Lord Bute to the building of the Pagoda, while the notorious Mrs. Robinson lived, and her immortaliser, Gainsborough, was buried here. Chiswick, with its reminiscences of Hogarth, of Thackeray, whose Becky Sharp is supposed to have lived at Walpole House, and of Lord Burlington, is the next to be dealt with, and we are taken to Turnham Green (Bedford Park having been dismissed by the author in a contemptuous sentence), to be reminded of Prince Rupert's reconnaissance in force against the London trained bands. The chapters on Kensington, "The Old Court Suburb" of Leigh Hunt, are excellent in facts and atmosphere. In dealing with Holland House and its inhabitants, Mr. Sanders is on, to him, familiar ground, while he tells the story of Kensington Palace, from its inception under William and Mary to the days when its greatest glory lay in being Queen Victoria's nursery, with much circumstantiality and charm. There is not a dry line in this section of the book, although nearly all of its fresh material has been drawn from such seemingly dry sources as parish rate-books and Treasury papers.

\* \* \*

THERE is no fresh light thrown upon Irish politics by Mr. L. G. Redmond-Howard's "John Redmond: The Man and the Demand" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net). On the other hand, the book is well written, and gathers into a handy form a mass of facts upon the Irish question. Mr. Redmond-Howard is a nephew of Mr. John Redmond, and is thus specially equipped for his task. He has, moreover, avoided the two vices that beset the relative as biographer, and the book is commendably free from trivial personal details and from indiscriminating eulogy. Mr. Redmond-Howard's object in writing it has been to answer Beaconsfield's demand of fifty years ago: "We want a man who will tell us what the Irish problem really is." Mr. Redmond is, the author thinks, the man required. He "not only represents, as leader of the Irish Party, the politics, but his family to a great extent represents the history of the Irish problem." Mr. Redmond's public career is dealt with in the first eight chapters of the book, the remaining five being given to a personal estimate of the Irish leader's character, and a discussion of the present position of the Irish question. This latter portion is both fresh and suggestive. Mr. Redmond-Howard lays stress upon his uncle's thoroughly Celtic temperament, his enthusiasm for the Gaelic League, and his uncompromising hostility to the Anglicising of Irish thought. At the same time he points out that Mr. Redmond "has not that extreme anti-English bitterness which characterises some Irishmen"; and his political attitude has been consistently democratic. We should like to add that he is the most highly finished and variedly accomplished Parliamentarian that modern Ireland has produced. Mr. Redmond-Howard's analysis of the Anti-Home Rule feeling deserves attention. It is temperately expressed, and likely to win converts to his cause.

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I THINK people are pretty well agreed that as the elections had to come either now or early in the New Year it is a fine thing for the business community to get it all over before Christmas, especially as it appears to be understood that the King can be relied upon to put through whatever measures are necessary to remove the deadlock. The news of the disorders in Mexico and Brazil caused a flutter in the foreign and foreign railway markets on Wednesday and Thursday; but otherwise the Stock Exchange is remarkably cheerful. It seems to contemplate the probability of another Unionist defeat with perfect equanimity. The prosperity of the country is prodigious. A prominent stockbroker said to me the other day that he had seldom in his life seen so much money coming forward for investment, and added: "I suppose the country is more prosperous now than it has ever been before." This, no doubt, accounts for the speculative activity of the home industrial and miscellaneous markets. It is not merely that dealers have made so much through the oil and rubber boom; there has been constant buying of miscellaneous shares of all kinds. Portland Cements have been a very strong market, owing (it is said) to the greatly improved demand, but also, I fancy, in part to manipulation. But there has undoubtedly been a revival of the building trade, which, indeed, invariably follows a little after a revival of general trade. The rise in London General Omnibus is another feature; and altogether there is a pronounced and cheerful confidence in the financial and industrial future of the old

country which contrasts strongly with the mournful vaticinations of the Tariff Reformers. All the same, both Cement and Omnibus ordinaries look dear at present prices, especially as the bank rate will now probably last over Christmas.

### MEXICAN AND BRAZILIAN DISORDERS.

It is curious that fresh trouble should have arisen in Mexico so soon after the celebration of the centenary. But probably the population is tired of the long and rather severe dictatorship of Diaz. It has always been supposed, however, that no revolution could be successful during his life-time, but that his successor, Ramon Corral (an Americanised Mexican), would soon encounter a storm. This forecast may be correct; and in any case I cannot help recollecting the opinion of a financial authority, who, after a recent visit, declared that he would take care not to have any holdings in Mexico. There is very little civilisation there according to European ideas—at least outside Mexico City. What would happen to electrical and other plant if an anti-European outbreak really succeeded is not pleasant to contemplate. Very bad blood exists just now between Mexicans and Americans owing to a lynching atrocity which was committed in Texas. Mexican rails have naturally weakened. There have also been realisations in the Argentine lines—probably in anticipation of more reductions in dividends next year. The new extensions are being made in comparatively unprofitable country, and the increasing interest required for enlarged capital is not covered by increased profits. The naval mutiny at Rio confirms older reports that the Presidency of Marshal Hermes da Fonseca would be unpopular with the Brazilian Navy, as well as with the mercantile community. He is a military jingo; but his visit to Europe may have convinced him that Brazil must pursue a peaceful policy, if she is to hold together. Brazil's two new Dreadnoughts are proving something worse than white elephants.

### WALL STREET'S POSITION.

Operators in Wall Street are rather puzzled, because the magnates are hesitating. A bull movement is hazardous with so little to go upon. The farmers are suffering from a smallish wheat crop and low prices. Hence they are not much inclined to speculate. Moreover, many of them are tied up in land speculations, which have turned out badly. The tariff interests are preparing for another fight, especially the woollen manufacturers, whose cause is championed by one who rejoices in the appropriate name of Theodore Justice. As President Taft has condemned this schedule, he may possibly try to proceed against it without delay. The Democrats are a little divided as to whether they should seek to carry important reductions with the aid of the insurgents. It is quite possible that the Corporations will be able to buy enough men in the new Congress or Senate to prevent any large immediate reductions. But the railways will gain by whatever improvements may be made, so English investors, as well as shippers and manufacturers, stand to gain.

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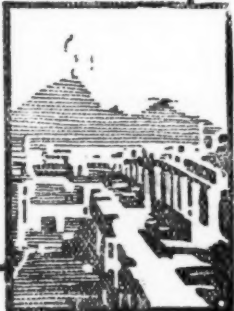
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